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Register with
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I NEVER STRIKE! SAYS THE "JOHN BULL" PEN. COUPON ON PAGE 16.

JOHN BULL

VOL. XXVI. No. 668. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1919. TWOPENCE.
[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

Own the House in which you live

Write to-day for particulars of a specially advantageous plan devised by the "British Dominions" whereby you can secure your house free of debt for yourself, at the end of a term of years, or for your family in the event of your earlier death. Ask for the "B.D." Plan of House Purchase. Applications for advances of not less than £200 are invited. Address Life and Investments Department.

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Resting, but Watchful!

Edited by HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

BOTTOMLEY AND THE STRIKE

Look out for
THE FAMILIAR RED PACKET
containing a beautiful silk picture
which may bring money for you
in the

B.D.V.

SILK PICTURE
CIGARETTE

NEEDLEWORK COMPETITION.

OVER
£13,000
has been given to date
IN CASH PRIZES.

Full particulars from
GODFREY PHILLIPS, Ltd., LONDON, E.1

THINK IN GOODS

WHEN coal leaves the pit-head, where does it go?

EITHER into the fire-grate of the worker or into the stoke-hole in the factory where he earns his living, or into the bunkers of ships that carry his trade.

WHEN bales of cloth leave the weaving-shed, where do they go?

NEARLY all of them find their way into the worker's home as suits for him and his lads, and dress lengths for his wife and lasses.

TO-DAY the world's difficulty is shortage of goods.

WHEN goods are few in number, and are badly wanted, they are high in price.

THAT'S why Esau sold his birthright for a mess of pottage. There was only one mess to buy, and he wanted it so badly that he had to have it at any price. If somebody else had come along then with supplies there would have been no profiteering in pottage.

WHICH would you rather have?

TWO "Bradburys," which buy one pair of boots, or two pairs of the same quality boots worth one "Bradbury"?

EASY to answer? **Yes, but by making boots not "Bradburys."**

WORKING men and women work for one another. The real employer of nearly every worker ("luxury" trades excepted) is a group of other workers scattered all over the country, perhaps all over the world.

THE employer is only the man who pays you your wages. Never mind him, especially as he is well able to look after himself.

THINK of your real employers, those fellow-workers of yours, who need every ounce of stuff you can turn out. They, in turn, will do the same for you.

UP will go your **real** wages, the goods that come into your own household.

1. PRODUCE MORE 2. EARN MORE 3. GET MORE

BIGGER OUTPUT IN THE FACTORY MEANS

Greater Comfort in the Home.

Cut this out and talk it over in the works.

JOHN BULL

"Peace hath her victories no less renowned than war."
—*Milton.*

The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

For forms of government let fools contest;
Whate'er is best administered is best."—*Pope.*

Vol. XXVI. No. 696. **Week ending Saturday, October 4th, 1919.** **Twopence**

"THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL."

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

The Great Strike,

At the time of going to press, the whole life of the nation is being held in suspense at the dictation of Mr. J. H. Thomas, M.P., and his railway friends. We hope that, unless the cloud is speedily dispelled, Parliament will be summoned for a special session to deal with the crisis. We shall much prefer saying what we have to say about the railway men's "leaders" to their faces on the floor of the House. The men themselves are not to blame.

"The Bottomley Press."

Our journalistic tentacles are gradually spreading. In addition to our weekly page in the *Sunday Pictorial*—which, under contract with the proprietors, will continue for another two years—and our editorial and proprietary interest in JOHN BULL, we have personally just acquired the *Sunday Evening Telegram*—the only Sunday evening paper published in the United Kingdom—and a controlling interest in the *National News*, the most progressive of all ordinary Sunday newspapers. And there may shortly be "others."

The Derrick Wernher Scandal.

Our protest last week against the hushing-up of the Derrick Wernher scandal was speedily followed by the official notice in the *London Gazette* that he had been dismissed from His Majesty's service. By the way, we note that an application for his discharge from bankruptcy is to come before the Court in a few weeks' time, when perhaps we shall be enlightened as to the exact nature of the offences of which he was found to be guilty.

Mr. Asquith.

Have you noticed how the name of Mr. Asquith is again creeping into the political news? Who is his Press agent?

Prince v. Politician.

Who shall deny that the visit of the Prince of Wales is doing more to cement good relations between Canada and the Mother Country than could have been accomplished by all the politicians?

The League of Nations.

How is this poor old thing getting on? It is now gradually dawning upon the world that this was no more or less than a deep laid German trap, into which Lord Robert Cecil and his friends innocently walked.

The "Deutschland."

We have received many strange proposals in connection with this vessel, but surely this one "takes the biscuit." We are asked whether we could charter her to the concert company known as "The Quaints," for a tour around Asia. Quaint, undoubtedly!

The Ex-Kaiser.

We wonder how many people at present living will still be here when the Kaiser comes to London for trial. *We* shan't.

The Treaty.

Before anything can be done in that direction, the Peace Treaty must be ratified by the three Great Powers—and America is one of them! Wasn't Britain a bit too previous in the matter? Wily little Welshman!

The "Deutschland" at Southend.

The visit of the German super-submarine to Southend is causing immense local excitement. The opening ceremony in connection with its exhibition was performed by the Mayor, Mr. Alderman Senior, supported by the Pier authorities and leading members of the Corporation. As at Yarmouth, Mr. Bottomley explained the object of the visit to a huge crowd. It had been intended to leave for the Thames next week, but in response to earnest appeals from the residents, it has been decided that it shall remain at Southend until Monday, the 13th. It is hoped to get the vessel to the old Temple Pier station on the Thames Embankment by Wednesday, the 15th. Meanwhile, there is a great demand for the various souvenirs.

Lord Grey.

By this time Lord Grey will have commenced his duties as Minister at Washington. We must keep our eye on him—always remembering his statement at the outbreak of the war that "he was remote from every idea of crushing Germany," and that "he would always be ready, in the event of his still being in office, to undertake mediation to help her." Nor must we forget that message sent to him by General Joffre: "You are deserting us on the field of battle, and we shall have to tell the world."

Sir Eyre Crowe.

And that reminds us that another special representative of Britain is now in Paris. We refer to Sir Eyre Crowe, delegate to the Allied Supreme Council. Like Lord Grey, he will doubtless do his best for Britain—but the fact remains that he is the son of a German mother, is married to a German lady, and is a nephew of the late Chief of the German Naval Staff—all of which facts most undoubtedly hamper him in the exercise of his patriotic instincts.

The Stuff to Give 'Em.

Conchies have been struck off the Pinner register by the revising official. No fight no vote. Other revising officers, please note.

Those Shoreham Towers.

What is the mystery attaching to those two remarkable towers on the Shoreham beach, upon which a large number of men are still working, day and night? If what we hear is correct, their purpose disappeared with the end of hostilities.

A Bright Idea.

Mrs. Philip Snowden suggests that our coal export—already dangerously diminished—should be controlled in order that it may be distributed "in accordance with the needs of the various populations, and not in proportion to their power to pay." Poor dear Germany and Austria!

Government Humour.

An official notice has been issued by the Board of Trade to the effect that British subjects are now free to remit money to Austrians "by way of gift for maintenance purposes," but that the payment of debts owing to such persons is still prohibited. Well may the *Daily Herald* say "Don't make us laugh."

"Education" and Unintelligence.

Our revered contemporary the *Church Times* tells us that "cheap education, like cheap boots"—we have not heard of any, by the way; for a long while—"is dear at any price. It does not educate; it merely creates a public for the breezy unintelligence of JOHN BULL." Personally, we prefer breezy unintelligence to drab "learning."

Arthur Roberts.

We met this wonderful old comedian at Southend the other day. Despite his years, he retains all his old mental and vocal versatility—but isn't it about time that the public, whom he has entertained for so long, should organise a testimonial worthy of his claims? We don't like the idea that the evening of his life should be clouded in any way.

Coming Back.

We are not a "Society" paper, but we should like to chronicle the fact that Princess Pless—whose husband fought against us in the war and who herself nursed German wounded—is once more amongst us. We begin to understand why the Report stage of the Aliens' Restriction Bill has been so long delayed.

Local Limerick.

A house at Chelsea has been reported to the Psychical Research Society as full of strange noises and shuffling footsteps, and the ghost of an old lady in a shawl has been seen. An illusionist has volunteered to investigate.

There's a grim haunted house down in Chelsea,
Where a spectre or two you may well see;
As a conjurer boasts
He will unearth the ghosts,
We suppose we shall see what we shall see.

Some Gunn!

One of the most gratuitously insulting advertisements it has ever been our misfortune to see appeared lately in a Kentish newspaper. Inserted by a person named "Gunn, Borough, London," it asks for men, "fruit-growers' sons preferred, those who have not been contaminated by war conditions, pleasures, etc." We should be sorry to hear of any gallant ex-soldier contaminating himself by working for such a despicable creature.

Sacking the Soldier.

Behind the recent appeal of the King to employers to give work to disabled and demobbed soldiers was the Government. Whatever virtues Ministers may lack themselves, they are at any rate expert in preaching to others; and in Food Control at Southwark you have the enthralling spectacle of a discharged and disabled soldier being sacked in order to retain as long as possible in the office the priceless services of fairy flappers and wordy women. A pretty example to private employers, indeed!

British Motor Cars.

There is an almost astounding audacity in the protective demands made on Sir Auckland Geddes by the Association of British Motor and Allied Manufacturers. We believe in the protection of British industries in national interests where protection is needed; we do not believe in protective tariffs in the sole interests of profiteers. The British car is made only for the wealthier classes. It is high time this state of things were altered by organised standardisation. "Tariff Reform" for one class alone is no reform at all.

Homes for Heroes.

The huge sums being raised all over the country for the purpose of erecting memorials of the war in the shape of Temples of Victory, sculptured monuments, etc., might be put to a better purpose. In Portsmouth, for example, some £17,000 has already been subscribed for the erection of a Temple of Victory. But instead of *one* Temple, many little temples equally glorious might be erected in the shape of cottage homes for disabled soldiers, whose wounds and mutilations make continuous work impossible.

A Blot on Brighton.

If the Brighton Municipal Authorities succeed in their endeavour to re-secure possession of the Pavilion for recreative purposes before the last of the several thousand crippled soldiers awaiting operations has been fitted with artificial limbs, it will be a scandal. For limbless patients no hospital exists more suitable or more perfectly equipped than is the Royal Pavilion, being entirely on the ground level. Surely Brighton's jazzing enthusiasts can wait until the brave men who suffered for them have been restored to something like human shape before they clamour for the Pavilion to be restored to them for terpsichorean revelries.

Genatosan.

We are glad to be assured by the Genatosan Company that their collection of milk by motor lorries is from remote and scattered farmhouses, where, owing to difficulties of transit, it would otherwise be wasted, or, at any rate, not used for human food. This is as it should be.

Farce and Foolery.

No wonder the Hammersmith Food Control Committee are on their stilts, protesting against the decision of the local Council to make farce and foolery of the Anti-profiteering Act by amalgamating with Kensington, Fulham and Chelsea in a joint Tribunal. Obviously the four districts are too big a handful for any one Tribunal to tackle.

£1,000
FOOTBALL PRIZE
WON BY LONDON READER

For name of winner see page 16.

Paralysing Control.

A dry-goods firm, away in the West of Canada, required a consignment of knitting-needles—best British make—so they got in touch with a Manchester factory. But, bless you, it wasn't so easy. "Your order to hand, with remittance, for which we enclose receipt," ran the acknowledgment. "We have to obtain a licence from our Government to export same, so will forward the needles as soon as possible." And then some people are surprised that Canadian orders are going to the States.

Nae Sae Bonny.

On the bonny, bonny banks of Loch Lomond are little cottages, far apart, each with its garden of fruit trees. Every season, just when things are ripe, along come parties in boats. They jump ashore, and strip the trees bare, in broad daylight, when the gude man's awa'. One poor soul, robbed this year as usual, avers the raiders come from Glasgow. We are glad, at any rate, that the Sassenach is, for once, not held guilty. Are there no police by Loch Lomond?

Work as a Hobby.

It is up to the Ministry of Munitions to honour the King's Appeal by finding a larger number of situations for disabled soldiers. We hear of a case in which the Managing Directorship of a National Shell Filling Factory is held by a retired commercial traveller, with independent means, who took up munition work as a hobby during the war. If it is necessary to keep this establishment going, he should certainly be retired.

"The Timid Stag."

It may be, as a daily paper alleges, that "all classes in the West Country are fond of the sport" of stag-hunting, but its pictures show that they ought to be ashamed of it and nauseated by it. "The hunt of the Devon and Somerset Staghounds shown in these photographs," explains the letterpress beneath, "was one of the most exciting ever witnessed on Exmoor. The chase lasted five hours, and finally the stag leapt into a stream, where it was killed by the hounds." This isn't sport. It is inhuman ferocity.

Slow Parcels.

Three parcels, posted on July 31st, to an address at Boulogne, had not been delivered when the latest bulletin was issued. The Controller of the G.P.O., however, is not a bit surprised. On September 8th, he wrote: "In the existing circumstances all parcels for places abroad are liable to delay." The form of that letter was probably drafted in war-time, but is surely now out-of-date. Boulogne is not an inaccessible spot.

German "Insecurities."

Surely we have power to compel the Huns to redeem their worthless paper. In South Africa, the question arises with reference to the natives from the Union, formerly employed in German South-West Africa, who, on the outbreak of hostilities, were paid off with German notes. Even now, it appears, many of them are left on hand. It is a scandal that our own coloured subjects should be robbed in this way.

A Real Good Veteran.

At Atherstone, three doctors, partners, have obtained an order to eject a family from premises required as an extension to their surgery. Turvey, the man who has to go, is 62, but has done his bit in France. Besides his own family, his wife's parents live with him, each over 80. He has another month to look about for premises. If luck goes against his search, we guess those three doctors will not be too hard on a veteran with so fine a record.

The Way It's Done.

"In consequence of the continued increase in the cost of raw materials, etc."—you know the story!—"Marmite," a much-advertised vegetable extract, has gone up in price. But "Marmite," Ltd., are ready to meet shopkeepers. "On receipt of a card," they announce, "stating the number of jars in stock bearing the old prices, we will forward by return of post an equivalent number of labels showing the increased prices, which can be affixed to the jars." Consumers, kindly note.

Beware the Kipper!

Instead of being smoked, kippers are now frequently dyed. Extract from a paper devoted to the drug trade: "Fish-dye used for curing and colouring herrings. This has some of the characteristics of flavine and also of chrysoidine. The last-named is a strong yellow dye. You do not tell us how the powder is used. It may be that annatto would answer the purpose, and be free from risk." Which appears to indicate that the other stuff isn't free from risk. We don't know whether chrysoidine is any relation to creosote, paraffin, or carbolic acid; but if your kipper smells of all three, arrest it on suspicion and hand it to the dustman.

Worthing's "Worthy."

Worthing owns a magistrate and the magistrate owns some uncultivated land "approaching Cissbury, through Nepcote," which, in addition to a fine crop of gorse, juniper and heather, grows mushrooms and blackberries. One recent afternoon a Worthing resident, his wife and two little girls, were gathering some of the blackberries and mushrooms. "Our innocent pleasure," says he, "was of short duration. A person who claimed to be the owner called us Worthing 'mouchers'—whatever that may mean—and ordered us to quit." So blackberries must rot, and mushrooms be trodden by sheep "in accordance with plan." An unworthy Worthing "worthy."

Local Limerick.

(*A lonely soldier in India has written to the Portsmouth Guardians, asking for a wife, being willing to take a lady "off their hands."*)

There's a soldier now serving in India,
Who made Portsmouth Guardians feel windier;
He wrote, "From your House
Send me out a nice spouse!
Do it now, for there's nothing to hinder yer!"

God's Acres Overseas.

An officer's widow was sadly shocked when she visited his resting place in France. "It was not a bit like the copy sent me by the Graves Department," she says, and in her daily visits to the cemetery she saw but little done. Another visitor, a man, puts it more bitterly: "A Cenotaph in Whitehall, and a mass of weeds in France!" The Graves Commission needs more British gardeners and fewer newly-promoted officers.

A Chance for the Consumptive.

What about the 200,000 ex-soldiers suffering from tuberculosis contracted on active service, whose health might be restored abroad but who can neither work nor hope to live for any length of time in the English climate, notwithstanding the patchwork effected by the various sanatoria? South Africa and New Zealand, both of which countries promise them health, are closed to them, but can no other provision be made? The money is available. All that is needed is the will and the idea.

Time to Shift.

There is a seaplane station at South Shields, with sheds occupying most of the North beach. Of course it was not thoroughly equipped till after the Armistice, but since then it has been doing nicely, thank you. Women were enlisted for it about three months back, and they look sweet in uniform. Motor cars are used for messages, and young officers or non-coms., in side-cars with a girl to drive, do the shopping. As you pass the station, the piano goes in dreamy waltz time, but they do say in South Shields that no seaplane has been up since February. They are real stickers there.

The Petrol Department.

Government Departments are notoriously careless. Sometimes the habit pays. Early in the year a reader took out a full duty petrol licence, paying £3 (120 gallons). Two weeks later the duty was withdrawn, so he returned his unused coupons and became entitled to a rebate of about 50s. He never got it—after a second application being coolly informed: "No trace can be found of the petrol coupons to which you refer." Let us hope they have not lost other people's coupons, for such losses are too profitable.

Have a Banana!

We would suggest to the Chief Constable of Plymouth (Mr. Herbert Sanders) that the police force is now much too expensive a body to be employed in pouncing upon any struggling little tradesman who dares to sell an apple or a banana a few minutes after 8 o'clock. Is it not passing strange that a shopkeeper may sell a pound of plums at any hour he chooses, yet cannot sell a banana a few minutes after eight without becoming a law-breaker? Plums, decrees the Home Secretary, are "soft" fruit; bananas are not. We invite him to try sitting on one. Happily the Plymouth Magistrates recognised the vexatious character of the prosecutions, and imposed derisory fines.

An Ungracious Committee.

A thankless, heartless set of men must be the members of the Committee of the Subscription Rooms at Stroud, Gloucestershire, who refuse to sell a small space in their grounds for the erection of a War Memorial. We can find no shadow of excuse for them—unless they intend to make a free gift of the piece of land. That, surely, is the least they could do.

Their Great Responsibility.

There is a dreadful saying of a man when he accepts a post in a lunatic asylum: "If he keeps sane for six months, he'll be all right for the job!" Knowing of these matters, we put it to the Admiralty that the attendants on the insane at the Royal Naval Hospital, Great Yarmouth, are badly underpaid and sadly overworked. "My Lords" are desired to inquire into this.

The Silent Bells.

Though the incumbent of Henley Parish Church declined to permit the tolling of a muffled peal in tribute to Sydney Sheppard—who died, and was buried at Brentford, after being invalided out of the Army—on the ground that the dead man was not a parishioner, probably the real reason was that he was "nobody in particular." His father asserts that there have been "several instances when a muffled peal has been rung for titled people who were not parishioners." Of course, it is entirely within the parson's discretion.

Glasgow's Inconsistency.

We told, last week, how the members of the Glasgow Corporation had presented themselves with gold medals, out of the rates, to celebrate Peace. The same Corporation proposed to present every Glasgow Service man with the Freedom of the City, but the notion has been turned down on the score of expense. It would cost about 9d. per head! We note, also, that Glasgow entertains certain distinguished visitors without a tremor, and deservedly so. But the soldiers are equally deserving.

Watch this figure GROW!
The Number of Claims already Paid under our Free Fire Insurance is 134
For Registration Forms see page 21.

Parson and Pub.

In the *Church Times* we find a very sane and sober article from the pen of the Rev. F. J. Hammond. He points out, among other things, that in the country even quite respectable people adjourn to the public house after Sunday evening service. Would that some pussyfoot pietarians would go into a pub before they go into the pulpit and stand their sermons a drink. They also are often dry.

"Water, Water Everywhere."

When it rains at Farnborough the clerks in the Wages Department, R.A.E., get it. The roof is composed of galvanised iron and glass, and "the water pours down the desks in streams," we are told. "We dodge about to try and find a dry patch. Though the place has been repeatedly condemned, a fire appliance has been installed at a cost of several thousands of pounds." It appears that the Department has had allocated to it a certain sum to play with, and the heads thought they might as well buy a fire appliance with it, though they must realise that the place is so wet that it wouldn't burn if it were fired in 999 places!

Pay and Pulpit.

Whatever money has been raised through Sir Tristram Eve's Central Fund is by all accounts being utilised to put more impecunious men into the Church, instead of to help on with a living wage the impecunious men already in it. The Bishops are not doing half enough for the poor clergy; and, to state it bluntly, the well-to-do clergy don't seem to care a damn.

A Big Tale.

Way down in Chatham a good hubby bought, on Saturday, a joint of pork. On Sunday morn the good wife found it was bad. Hubby took the meat to the butcher's private house; he offered more pork in exchange, but refused money back. Hubby went to the police; they breathed hard, and sent him away to the Food Office. Being Sunday, nobody was there. And, on Monday, redress was refused because more than 48 hours had elapsed since the purchase. The moral of the foregoing is that somebody ought to be on duty at Food Offices on Sundays.

"Save the Children."

Not *our* children, of course. It is the dear, little Huns who must be looked after first, and for this holy object, we are given to understand, "about £1,000 has already been received—or promised in subscriptions." According to a recent statement, published by the Quakers' Emergency Committee for the Relief of Distressed Huns, our cocoa friends are well to the fore, Messrs. Joseph Rowntree, Arnold S. Rowntree, Joseph S. Rowntree, W. S. Rowntree, A. M. Rowntree, and J. H. Rowntree being responsible between them for £325 worth of the subscriptions and promises. There is, we regret to say, no truth in the rumour that these sweet philanthropists are contemplating a free distribution of chocolates in Homerton and Hackney Wick.

The West End Association.

Having rooms vacant in her house, a lady advertised in the *Telegraph*. The only reply she received was from the West End Association, of 92, New Bond Street. She sent them a guinea as a yearly subscription, and the Secretary called and saw the rooms. "All they have done for the guinea since then," writes the complainant, "is to send me the addresses of three ladies. One came to see the rooms but I heard nothing further; one I wrote to in the country never replied; and one lady they sent when I was out of town for a fortnight, of which fact I had previously warned the Secretary." The Association collected the guinea in May; the lady's rooms are still to let; and though the Association still advertise that they cannot find rooms for their numerous clients, none of said numerous clients comes the way of our informant.

The "Deutschland"

ADMIT ONE PERSON
. TO VISIT .
THE "DEUTSCHLAND"
AT HALF-PRICE.

Available up to and including Tuesday, October 7th.

(JOHN BULL, October 4th, 1919.)

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS.

This page is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties, and occasionally Nonentities.

To the Right Hon. Sir Robert Horne, M.P., Minister of Labour.

Dear Sir Robert,—I am more than glad to hear you say that practically all the big trade unions have now waived their objections to the employment of disabled soldiers, and most sincerely I trust that you are not too sanguine. On several occasions, as you may know, I have protested strongly against the disposition to boycott disabled men, already severely handicapped in the struggle for employment. However, we will hope, as you suggest, that this scandal is ended. Thanks to both of us, eh?

John Bull.

To Mr. "Pussyfoot" Johnson, Somewhere-on-the-Prowl.

Dear Tom,—I learn with interest that your first onslaught upon the man who likes a little drop when he feels so disposed is to come off in Scotland. You have surveyed the ground, and I suppose your plans are arranged. But you are going to be up against a snag when you order bonny Scotland to go dry. First of all, the damp climate demands a wee drop of usquebaugh, unless you prefer rheumatism. Try it for a few months in the winter. To start your unwanted campaign in Scotland is simple cheek, not pluck.

John Bull.

To Mr. George Rumble, Sumner Street, Southwark.

Sir,—Permit me to condole with you upon your unfortunate matrimonial experience. I can quite believe you when you say that before marriage you "simply idolised" the lady of your choice, and no doubt you were disappointed to find that instead of the angel you had thought her, she was just an ordinary woman. In these circumstances, however, I think you ought to have tried to make the best of things, and it was certainly very unkind and extremely foolish to knock the poor girl about, and get yourself fined £3. By the way, I see that your honeymoon cost you £52. No wonder you say you loved her "dearly."

John Bull.

To A. J. Jeffs, Esq., Mayor of Wolverhampton.

Dear Mr. Mayor,—Not all of us, in your place, might have been so generous, but none will begrudge you the credit that belongs to an act of true Christian charity. For robbing you of £5 by means of a fraudulent tale of woe, a disabled soldier was brought up at the Wolverhampton Police Court and fined £10, with the alternative of a month's imprisonment. However, upon hearing the full story of the man's injuries in the war, you formed the charitable opinion that the poor fellow might not be quite answerable for his conduct, and as soon as the case was over you promptly paid the fine. It was a kindly, gracious act. Wolverhampton is fortunate in its Mayor.

John Bull.

To Mr. Joseph Hughes, Senior, Coxswain of the Lifeboat, Rhyl.

Dear Dad,—There were signals of distress from a rough sea, so of course you and your gallant mates went out in the lifeboat. You had no notion at all that it was your son, Joseph junior, who was in peril. He, a pilot, was cast upon the waste of waters. Supported only by a lifebelt, he kept afloat for three-and-a-half hours. And then you, after a long and desperate search, had the fine felicity of rescuing him, all collapsed as he was, from the death that faced him. It must have been a happy moment for both of you.

John Bull.

To Mrs. Howell, King Edward Road, Waltham Cross.

Madam,—I wonder if you will allow me to join in the chorus of congratulations that has greeted your 100th birthday? I am told that after an active and useful life—prolonged far beyond the allotted span—you are still hale and hearty and able to take a lively interest in the affairs of this workaday world. Through the remaining years may every happiness be yours. You have had a grand innings, anyway.

John Bull.

To W. Clarke Hall, Esq., Police Magistrate, Old Street, E.C.

Your Worship,—When George Adams, a man with a criminal record, came before you, at Old Street, on a charge of attempting to pick pockets, the Prosecution wanted him dealt with as an "habitual offender," but I am glad to see that you accepted the promptings of human sympathy. To give the poor devil a chance, and with "an earnest desire to help him to retrieve his past," you remanded him for two months, at the same time arranging for a report on his conduct to be furnished for your further guidance. That mercy is often an essential component of justice is a lesson, sir, that you have no need to learn.

John Bull.

To the Rev. F. B. Meyer, Christ Church, Westminster Bridge Road, London.

Dear Mire,—When there is anything silly to be said, you are the boy to say it. Here you are, writing letters of protest because the Albert Hall has been let for some boxing contests. It makes no difference to you that there are to be no purses, stakes, or bets. You simply shriek, per pen and ink, that boxing in the Albert Hall is a terrible thing to contemplate. Now, that Hall is a place of entertainment, and boxing is a manly entertainment. If your idea is that the Albert Hall is holy and sacred because you have spouted from its platform, well, you are in error once more.

John Bull.

To Miss Daisy E. Foster, 27, Eden St., Derby.

My Dear Young Lady,—It appears that before the war you fell in love with a German waiter at Harrogate, and having kept up the relationship during his internment in the Isle of Man, you finally stole money from your mistress to join your lover in Holland. It was very wrong, of course, and extremely foolish, and in binding you over as a first offender the Magistrates very properly insisted that you should break off all relations with the German whose evil influence had led you astray. Try to be a more sensible girl for the future, and if you need encouragement, remember that people in far more exalted stations than your own were tricked and deluded by the false glamour of the German tongue.

John Bull.

To the Chairman, Sugar Commission.

Dear Mr. Chairman,—At Wye, in Kent, there is a village jam factory, licensed, last year, by the august body over which you preside, and allowed one ton of sugar for soft fruit, this year. Some days ago the managers applied to the Commission for a further supply. Several letters were unanswered. Then the management sent a pre-paid telegram, and this brought the reply that the wire would receive attention as soon as possible after removal of the Commission's office to 3, Grosvenor Gardens, S.W. 1. "In the meantime," comments the Hon. Secretary of the factory to me, "the fruit spoils, and a thriving village industry is discouraged." From all this I gather that some of your officials have forgotten to be courteous, and do not remember to get a move on. Will you have the goodness to address them in appropriate accents?

John Bull.

To His Hon. J. W. Craig, Recorder of Belfast.

Sir,—I cannot for the life of me understand your leniency in the case of William Leinster, of Ligoniel, charged with a "vile assault" upon two little girls. Although the medical evidence left no doubt as to the prisoner's guilt, you allowed him to plead guilty merely to a common assault, and then released him on his own recognisances to be of good behaviour for the future. I see, by the way, that you congratulated the miscreant on his "having a judicious counsel to defend him." Probably he reflects with still greater satisfaction on having been brought before a bench lacking in a due sense of the enormity of his crime.

John Bull.

To Mr. John Parker, Accrington.

Dear John,—I hope you are not feeling too downhearted about the 5s. fine, in which a sapient magistrate mulcted you the other day, for having blacked the eye of one, John Haworth, an elderly civilian, who had the audacity to tell you, an ex-soldier who had been wounded and gassed, that you had "never seen a —— fight or heard a gun go off." But I daresay you, like myself, are wondering why you should be called upon to pay, while the author or occasion of your venial offence was let off with an admonition. Put it down to the squint-eyed equity of the average Shallow.

John Bull.

To the Directors, Messrs. Gyles, Ltd., Bakers, etc., Muswell Hill.

Gentlemen,—When the Inspector finds in your window 34 loaves averaging 2 ounces short weight on each loaf, you have the face to plead that it was a technical offence as "a new girl put them there instead of in the bin." The Chairman of Magistrates at Highgate didn't take that view—nor will anybody else. With caustic fitness he reminded you that the Bench had power to send a private trader to gaol, but it was difficult to deal in that way with a company although guilty of previous breaches of the Act. In any case, I hope the £100 mulct magisterially inflicted will, for some time to come, serve as a lesson to you all.

John Bull.

To G. H. Stuart Bunning, Civil Service Federation.

Dear Sir,—I am sure you know, as well as I do, that numbers of old, married Civil servants are trying to exist in these days on pensions of less than a pound a week. The recent increase granted by the Treasury, and arrived at by agreement, prohibits these starved worthies from participating. Among the seven signatories to it your name figures as the last, but, as you will agree, not the least. I cannot think what you were about in so totally ignoring the claims of these oldsters. You and your six colleagues helped to give more "to him that hath," but nothing to those with next to nothing.

John Bull.

To H. C. Pinckney, Esq., County Land Agent for Ex-Service Men, Trowbridge.

Sir,—It may not be your fault, of course, but I am told there is a great deal of dissatisfaction with the way the Land Settlement Scheme has been handled in the County of Wilts. It appears that a number of men who, having complied with all requirements, were placed on the list of "recognised applicants" for small holdings, have at the last moment been told that none is available, the most they can now expect being the opportunity to work on a single large farm on profit-sharing terms. To many of them this altered prospect makes no appeal, and they are bitterly disappointed over the whole business. Please see what can be done.

John Bull.

IN THE BARBER'S CHAIR.

"JACKY" FISHER.

Good mornin', *H*admiral! 'Ow yer blowin'? . . *Musn't be rood? 'Oo's* rood? Thort I was usin' a nautical term! But I'm sorry if I've made a bloomer. I ain't a sailor bold, meself, although I carn't say as I've never bin upon the sea; so I s'pose I'm liable to make mistakes w'en I tackles seafarin' lingo. But wot kin I do for you, sir? . . . *'Air* cuttin'? Go hon! *You* don't want no 'air cut! W'y, I could 'ardly git 'old of wot bristles you *'are* got with me clippers! . . . . *Then set down an' 'are a tork?* Well, thet's w'ere I *am* yore man! . . .

* * *

Now, 'oo's goin' to do the torkin', you or me? . . . *Me?* I ain't a torker—not reely—I passes a remark occasional, I don't mind admitting; but we're a silent body o' men, we barbers. Somethink like the Navy, eh? . . . Wot, *you an' me is exceptions to the rool?* But it's on'y lately *you've* taken to torkin', ain't it, sir? I should I say, writin'? . . . *Ho*, yes; I read yore letter in the *Times*, an' w'en I started to read it out loud to the missus, she told me to moderate me language! Straight, she did! It was w'en I come to one o' yore 'dam's'. She said 'Shush! 'ow dare you, the farther o' my children, use sich words in the presence o' yore lawful wife?' An' w'en I explained as I wasn't usin' *my* language, but yores, she sed: 'Well, never introjooce thet man into *my* presence, if *you* please!' So you'll *h*'excuse me, *H*admiral, if I don't make you acquainted with me wife. . . . *You don't care a——ahem!* Well, fur me own part I likes your breezy style. It's a way o' gittin' people to listen to you, even if there ain't much sense in wot you ses . . . Wot, *you're the on'y sensible Navy man livin' to-day?*

* * *

Then I'm sorry for the British Navy! Wot about Admiral Beatty? 'E's 'ad sense enough to establish a comradeship between the Quarter and the Lower Deck wot never existed before. Ain't thet sense? . . Eh? *Sack the lot?* Wot lot? . . . *The 'ole ——— lot?* Wot's to take their place? . . . *Oil? Cut out the Coal?* . . . Thet's orl right, but w'ere are we to git the oil from? I see there's bin a bust up in Scotland about the Shale Oil Mines. Suppose our overseas communications was cut and we 'adn't got a coal-burnin' ship in the Navy? Wot sh'd we do then? . . . *Make oil from coal?* 'Ow easy it is to tork! Wot sh'd we do w'ile we was makin' the oil? . . . *'Oo won the Wore?* Well, sir, it wasn't me, please sir! . . . . *You know 'oo did?* Tell us. . . *You* did? O'w's thet? W'y, you chucked up yore job at the *H*admiralty in a pet before the wore was 'arf over! . . . *You designed the ships wot won the wore?* Very likely. But you didn't make the men wot manned 'em, did you? . . .

* * *

Look 'ere, sir. You left the *H*admiralty in a fit o' temper w'en we was fightin' the most unscrupulous foes an' most brutal enemies we've ever 'ad to meet. You didn't trouble to sink yore personal feelin's in the interests o' the Nation. But now you're canvassin' for the boss's job. But ain't some o' them wot carried us through best entitled to it? There's plenty o' young blood an' young brains in the Navy. They don't 'ave to write to the *Times*, damnin' everybody. They kin afford to stand on the work they've done, an' they're the men we're goin' to trust. . . . *Then I think there's no use for you?* I never sed so. But it would be nonsense for you to think thet by damnin' indiscriminate like, you can recapture the position you gave up. . . . *Too much of a damned talker*, am I? Well, you've got yore remedy. But there's one comfort—you can't sack *me!* . . . But look 'ere, *H*admiral it's jest on twelve. Let's go an' splice the main brace! . . .

YOU'RE IN LUCK

IF YOU SMOKE

Black Cat

EXTRA LARGE

(Green Band)

VIRGINIA CIGARETTES

Because they are the

HIGHEST QUALITY

and

BIGGEST VALUE.

10 for 5½d.

Black Cat

MEDIUM 10 for 4½d.

SHOW CARDS, etc., for Trade Window Decoration can be obtained from CARRERAS, LTD., Arcadia Works, City Road, London, E.C. 1.

A CHANCE FOR THE GIRLS!

PAYING TO ROUGH IT IN RHODESIA.

Miss L. Bowditch, B.A., of the Grey House, Epsom, is putting a strong temptation in the way of ex-Service women to shake the dust of England from off their dainty brogues and start a sort of wild-and-woolly-West life in Rhodesia. She is connected with a "Rhodesian Land Co-operation Scheme," and signs herself as "Hon. Secretary, H-Q Estate." We have been privileged to peruse the form of agreement placed, for signature, before inquirers into the scheme. It declares that the "Owners of the H-Q Estate" are in occupation of some 1,500 acres of established land in Rhodesia, and undertake: "(1) On payment of the sum of £300 by each Co-operator to secure for and on behalf of the Co-operators a Holding of Land. . . . Out of each of the said sums of £300 the owners of the H-Q Estate will pay a sum of £200 into a Central Fund in a bank in Rhodesia in the joint names of the Co-operators; (2) Out of the remaining £100 the owners of the H-Q Estate undertake to provide *free* Native Labour and material for accommodation . . . consisting of a wattle and daub hut with mosquito-netting over windows; . . a well, if no suitable permanent water supply is available; . . rations for two years for each co-operator . . . on Q.M.A.A.C. Home Service Scale, of which one-third meat ration is to be supplied by guns of co-operators." Turning to the scale, we find two of the items translated into Rhodesian terms. Thus, 11 ozs. bread becomes "in form of flour and hops and bread machine," and if fresh milk and butter be required, they will be supplied in "form of a cow." Now, there is a good deal to be done before a cow becomes fresh milk and butter, and considerable labour and experience is needed before flour and hops can be converted into bread—even with the aid of a "bread machine." The charm of living in a wattle and daub hut built by native labour might compensate for this, in some instances; but we venture to think that the average W.A.A.C. with £300 to play with will think a long time before she devotes it to the doubtful joys of farming and shooting game for the daily pot in Rhodesia.

PRINTER'S 'PIE.

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of each item published under this heading. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"Portsmouth Evening News" (advertisement).—"Wanted, 2 Unfurnished Rooms by naval couple; NO CHILDREN; HUSBAND AWAY."

"Gloucestershire Echo" (advertisement).—"MUSICAL: . . CORNETS, four tins, FOR ICE CREAM, for sale."

"Birkenhead News" (advertisement).—"Towels, useful family size. SPECIAL PRICE 1s. 10d. EACH. WORTH 1s. 3½d."

"Manchester Evening Chronicle."—"Humphreys . . . is TYPICAL OF THE BUILD OF THE AVERAGE BARROW PLAYER, for he STANDS 9 FT. 9½ IN."

"Saturday Herald" (Dublin).—"New Rabbi Installed: . . The Chief RABBIT then delivered his inaugural address."

"Woman's Weekly."—"Smith was . . . hanged . . . for having drowned three women, WHOM HE HAD MARRIED IN THEIR BATHS."

"Keighley News" (advertisement).—"Sale: . . One GOLD COW, FULL OF BEER."

"Railway Review."—"In November milk will become 1s. a quart. The SERIOUSNESS of this CANNOT BE UNDER-ESTIMATED."

Messrs. Waters & Rawlence, Salisbury (Sale Catalogue).—"DAIRY STOCK: . . DAIRYMAID AND CALF."

"Wood Green Sentinel" (advertisement).—"Lady's Bicycle, 26 WHEELS."

TRAGEDY OF THE UNMARRIED MOTHER.

A HUMANE PLEA AND A CALL TO THE WOMEN OF ENGLAND.

By Charles Palmer.

CONVENTIONAL morality can be terribly cruel, and the Law which with one hand sternly asserts the sanctity of life, with the other denies to the giver of it—the mother—the protection and the security which motherhood needs, but is unable to demand. Cant, not Christianity, is the unmarried mother's greatest enemy. We are all ready to wax sentimental over the "poor child." What about the poor mother? And isn't it time we cast off the cloak of convention and looked at things from a sane and a humane point of view? A recent case has stirred the popular feeling, because there were certain aspects of it which made an immediate appeal. Yet the case of Elsie Smith, who was sentenced at the Old Bailey to four months' imprisonment for attempting to suffocate her baby, can find its counterpart in hundreds of unhappy girls who have committed the unpardonable sin of maternity.

A Sin Against Society.

But what happened to Elsie Smith and her present fate will serve as an illustration. She is unmarried, she was employed as a clerk in the W.R.A.F., she met a Canadian officer who was married—and she knew it. Ultimately a child was born. The Canadian officer, forgetting all, had by this time gone back overseas. The mother just through that agonising ordeal which many a woman, under the tenderest care, with a devoted man's eyes to greet her return from the Borderland where pain often kills, finds too much for her mental nerves—learns of the departure of the father of her child. Ill and hysterical, she finally seeks to take the life of her child in the supreme moment of her distraction. And the Law, proclaiming the sanctity of life, sends her to prison! Thus a woman's affection and surrender become a double sin against Society. The woman pays bitterly for being too much a woman; the man escapes—in this case, not even his name was whispered in Court. Free of all responsibility, the man continues to hold his place in decent society, and presumably in the heart of the wife he left in Canada. The woman, the hapless victim of sex and circumstance, finds herself in prison, and when those unfeeling walls surrender her again to freedom, she will carry in her arms an illegitimate child and bear upon her the social ban of the unmarried mother.

A Fight Against Fate.

Surely if there be any sincerity and meaning in our hope for a land fit for heroes to live in, there should be a place in that land for the unmarried mother—the heroine often of a great fight against Fate—the brave soul creature who has given life without legal sanction, but has not less truly given it because neither the law nor the Church has stood sponsor. What do you suggest—putting a premium on immorality? My answer is that I am less concerned with morality than with maternity; that so long as human nature is what it is, and the "wages of sin" is the bearing of a child, the State should do its best to protect the mother—first, from the unscrupulous philanderer; and, next, from an unequal share in the burden of her "guilt." Why should the pauper's lot await the illegitimate child? The price of paternity has been raised 100 per cent.—it has gone up like everything else—but it is still only 10s. a week. And let this be remembered—that 10s. is the maximum—10s. a week for such a period as the Justices may decide up to the age of 16. They are under no obligation to direct that the allowance shall be paid until the child attains that age, although the hapless mother, under the new Education Act, is to be forced to send her child to school until the sixteenth year.

Evading Responsibility.

We have no right, for fear of making illegitimacy easier, to make motherhood harder. And the more responsibility placed on the man, the better chance, first of reducing the number of unmarried mothers, and next of seeing justice done to passion's partner. As the law stands at present, the father's risk, if—as the years go by—he ceases to support the mother of his child, is little greater than if he runs up an inordinate grocer's bill. There are thousands of unmarried mothers to-day—decent, hard-working women—who long since lost trace of "the man." Deliberately to evade responsibility should be an offence punishable with imprisonment. That is the penalty if the mother deserts her child; the father escapes with a fine—and a promise to pay up. There are those who in every case of the kind I am considering would make the man marry the girl. That way lies domestic misery of the worst possible kind. We cannot shut our eyes to the truth that in very many cases social disparity has been a contributing cause of the originating trouble, or that victimisation may be the object of a designing woman. Again, there are other stern moralists who would send the unmarried father to prison, as well as make him support the child.

Why Not Maternity Courts?

If I were called upon to offer a practical suggestion, it would be in favour of Maternity Courts. We have Children's Courts for the better protection of the little ones who become amenable to the law. Let us have Courts for the protection of the unmarried mother, where men and women should sit *in camera* to hear cases of alleged paternity. Many decent girls who have made one single slip are ashamed to proclaim their state by an affiliation summons. If they were sure that their "sin" would not be shouted out to a gaping world, they would be more ready to seek the support which is their due. As protection for the parties, an appeal could lie to a superior Court. In ordinary circumstances I am all in favour of publicity before the law, but my present purpose is to suggest some way in which the unmarried mother may best claim the assistance which the law and humanity dictate, and, by rendering her generous justice, give a better chance to the "unwanted child." We have a good deal yet to learn in the matter of illegitimacy, and some day we may follow the French system of permitting a man who falls in love with the "unmarried mother" to legitimise her child by his act of marriage.

More Generosity and Consideration.

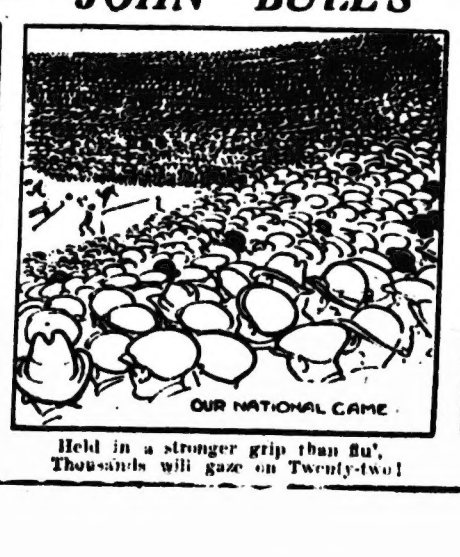
There are those who regard with disfavour every attempt to bring this subject into the higher realms of humanity. They may deplore the inviolable law of "the woman pays," and yet they ignore the subject and make no attempt to level up, to ensure "equality of sacrifice." They are so afraid of condoning vice that they are ready to stand aside and see many a frail woman suffer a social sentence wholly unwarranted by her crime—a crime which is more an offence against Society than a sin against God. In many ways we are broadening our ideas; we are practising a wider humanity. Is it not time we began to treat the unmarried mother with more generosity and consideration? It is not necessary to pass any general condemnation, or to accept the wild statements concerning the number of "war babies," to realise that in the stress and excitement of the past few years there has been an increase of what is described with significant pathos as "the unwanted child." Under our present laws that child is brow-marked with the brand of illegitimacy, and suffers disabilities which innocence should never be compelled to bear. Moreover, the defects of our marriage laws, in all too many instances make the existence of the unmarried mother inevitable. But whether such maternity be the outcome of a false step, or whether it be the product of our antiquated and unjust divorce laws, the position of the unfortunate mother is one calling for sympathy and for reform.

End of Man-Made Laws.

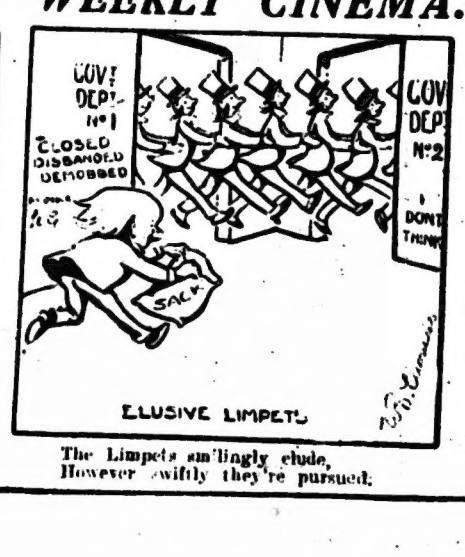
To-day, women rightly possess the "power of sacrifice." To-day women possess a power in the State greater than ever before in the history of Constitutional Government—they can even, if they choose, send members of their own sex to Parliament. Man-made laws have become a thing of the past, for women now have a large share in electing those who make the laws. Sex injustice is a more remediable thing than sex inequality—so often irremediable. If women will only show real womanly consideration and use their influence in the Legislature, the position of the unmarried mother will cease to be a reflection upon us as a humane and truly Christian people.

"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.

No sooner Geddes takes command
Than "T" butts in with his "Demand!"



Held in a stronger grip than flu',
Thousands will gaze on Twenty-two!



The Limpets smilingly elude,
However swiftly they're pursued.

It does one's British feelings grip,
To see such splendid comradeship.

"HOW I MADE £1,000."

Full Details of a Sensational Success.

THE extraordinary practical value of Pelmanism to all who conscientiously practise this remarkable system of mind-training is illustrated by a letter which has recently reached the Pelman Institute.

This letter is from one who has been through the Course, and who now writes as follows:—

"I have cleared over £1,000 from an idea which materialised by the Pelman methods. This will quadruple itself during the remaining months of this year, so you will understand better than I can write it, the gratitude I feel towards the Pelman Institute."

This particular Pelmanist enrolled for the Course in the autumn of 1917, and immediately proceeded to go through the lessons and to practise the exercises.

The training he thus acquired he soon began to put to practical use.

At the beginning of the present year he wrote to the Pelman Institute giving a detailed and most interesting description of one of the uses to which he has put Pelmanism in the important professional work in which he is engaged, and showing, amongst other advantages the great increase in accuracy and the immense saving in labour and in cost which has resulted from the introduction of Pelman methods in his work.

No More Empty Days.

In March last, in sending in his final work-sheet for correction, this Pelmanist gave the following account of the benefits he has derived from the Course, which shows incidentally how interesting, as well as profitable, he found it.

"I am a better man," he says, "mentally, morally, and physically. I view people and questions more kindly, having a deeper perception and sympathy for 'the other side.' I never now have any empty days, am glad I was born into such an interesting world, and have never met anything in it half so interesting as your Course. You have not allowed me sufficient room to detail the benefits I have actually received, and my pen would not do justice to it."

And now, a few months later, comes his letter, quoted at the opening of this article, in which he states that the Pelman training he has received has already brought him in over £1,000, with the prospect—he speaks of it as a certainty—of securing £3,000 more before the end of the year.

Rich Opportunities.

This letter shows how men and women who train their minds scientifically, and thus make themselves thoroughly efficient, can turn to great personal advantage the rich opportunities now open in every field of professional, business, and industrial work, and there is certainly no reason why you personally—should you accept the practical help now offered to you by Pelmanism, and thus develop to the fullest extent those mental qualities which make for success—should not profit from these opportunities as well as others. At the very least, you should win your way to a doubled income and a higher position in your particular Profession, Business, or Industry. You will find in the "little grey books" and in the instruction given by correspondence the information which will enable you to raise yourself to a higher level of intellectual efficiency and income-earning power. All you will have to do will be to apply that information to the particular circumstances of your life.

Business Benefits Secured.

The remarkable business advantages—of course there are many other advantages, intellectual, social, and so on—secured by those who practise Pelmanism, are described in the immense number of letters constantly reaching the Pelman Institute from men and women who have

DOUBLED, TREBLED, AND EVEN QUADRUPLED THEIR INCOMES

as the result of taking the Course. In the following letters a number of students report the great business benefits they have secured after a short course of Pelmanism:—

Salary Doubled.

After taking up Pelmanism for about three months I was offered a very high post in the firm in which I am employed. This advancement which incidentally doubled my salary (which was not inconsiderable before), I attribute entirely to Pelmanism.

DEPARTMENTAL MANAGER.

Business Doubled.

Since my Course of Pelman training I have doubled my business, and I have not finished yet.

SHOPKEEPER.

Doubled Pay.

Since completing the Course I have obtained a position with a salary exactly double that which I was previously in receipt of, and I am still cheerfully advancing with more confidence in myself than I ever dreamed of possessing.

CLERK.

150 per cent. Increase.

My O.C. stated my name had been mentioned to him by "higher authority" as that of a suitable officer to take over the command of a very large company, with the acting rank of captain, with corresponding pay and allowances, an increase of 150 per cent. on my salary at that time. Have "taken over" the company and am doing better than ever I anticipated. My name has been submitted to the War Office for promotion to the rank already mentioned. I attribute all this to Lesson II.

OFFICER.

Increase of £100 per Annum.

Thanks in a great measure, as I ungrudgingly admit, to the benefits I have derived from "Pelmanism," my career has been an unbounded success, and I have gone on from one success to another. I have just recently been informed that my emolument has been increased by £100 per annum.

CIVIL SERVANT.

Income Quadrupled.

Since I commenced your Course of instruction my efficiency has vastly increased. My income has gone up 300 per cent. I attribute all this to the Pelman Course.

ARCHITECT.

Doctor and His Practice.

I took the Pelman Course because my practice was not in a satisfactory condition, and I could not discover the cause. Your lessons enabled me to analyse the trouble, discover the weak points, and correct them, with most satisfactory results. Your Course has proved to be a splendid investment for me.

DOCTOR.

Firms Enrol Entire Staffs.

So great are the business advantages which follow from Pelman training that many leading firms are enrolling their entire staffs for the Course, knowing that the initial cost of the fees will be repaid over and over again in the increased efficiency of their employees. As many as 165 members of a single business have been enrolled in this way simultaneously. And everywhere Pelmanism is bringing to those who practise it increased efficiency, swift promotion, widened opportunities, and higher incomes and profits.

Great Interest.

Yet Pelmanism is not difficult to follow. It is the most interesting course of study imaginable. Although it is a thoroughly scientific system there is nothing dull or dry about it. It is more fascinating than any game, and as enthralling as any novel. So interesting is it that those who take the Course are sorry when it is ended—and write to say so. But even when the Course is ended the results remain, and endure for a life-time.

Takes Up Little Time.

Then, again, the Course takes up very little time. A few minutes a day is all the time that you need to devote to the Course, and as the books are printed in pocket size you can carry them with you and study them at odd moments during the day. Benefits begin almost immediately, and as you go through the Course so the various mental weaknesses, defects, and inefficiencies that handicap so many are eliminated, and in their place you develop the strong, positive qualities that make for success in any and every walk of life.

Full Particulars—Free.

Those readers who would like to learn further particulars of this wonderful Course before deciding to enrol should call at the Pelman Institute to-day and see one of the members of the staff. You can ask any questions you like and obtain the full information you require. No obligation is involved, and no one is pressed to enrol. Or, if you cannot call, fill up the coupon printed below, and post it or a postcard to-day to the Pelman Institute, 15, Pelman House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C. 1. Then by return you will receive, gratis and post free:

1. **A copy of "MIND AND MEMORY," which contains a full description of the Pelman System.**
2. **A reprint of "Truth's" special Report on the work of the Pelman Institute.**
3. **A form enabling you to enrol for the complete Course on special terms.**

Write or call to-day for the above, and thus obtain full particulars of the system by means of which thousands of men and women have doubled their efficiency and increased their income-earning power, and which will enable you to do the same.

Send this Coupon—or a Postcard—or call To-day.

To the Pelman Institute,
15, Pelman House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.1.

Sir,—Please send me, gratis and post free, a copy of the book "Mind and Memory," a copy of *Truth's* latest Report, and particulars of the Offer entitling me to take the complete Course of Pelmanism on special terms.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

All Correspondence is Confidential.

Fire is an every day risk! Accept our Free Insurance offer on page 24.

THE PEOPLE'S PULPIT.

The readers of "JOHN BULL" discuss matters of Public Interest.

In giving publicity on this page to the views of correspondents, preference will be accorded to brief letters bearing name and address for publication.

All envelopes and letters must be marked "P.P." in left-hand corner.

Letters for this page must relate to public, as distinguished from personal, topics.

For short acknowledgments of communications and replies to other letters—selected from our general mail—see "Letter Bag," pages 22-3.

That Mysterious Fund.

Can anyone tell what has become of the Prince of Wales' Fund? After years of welcome War Relief in this town, the cases were reduced to about six whose names were sent up to the Trustee Fund in London. No money has come through for a month, and this morning I hear officially that these poor folk will probably have to fall back on the Poor-Law. Other towns must be in the same case. What is the money being used for?—EMILY ABRAHAM, Pierrefield, Herne Bay.

(*There can be no doubt that the Fund errs on the side of keeping too much money in hand. We must speak to the Prince about it on his return from Canada.*)

Inter-Empire Emigration.

There is no need to urge the people of England to sweat blood in order to compete with the United States of America or any other country. A more scientific solution would be to populate the vast territories of Canada and Australia by subsidising the surplus population in England to settle there, the Government "standing by" the emigrants till they were self-supporting to the ultimate building up of a solid British Empire.—J. ROBERTS, Big Lock, Middlewich, Cheshire.

(*We are strongly opposed to the idea of sending our healthy young men and women to Canada or anywhere else. There is plenty of room and need for them here.*)

Real Representative Government.

As the people elect their representatives to Parliament those representatives should elect the Cabinet and make that a representative body also. This would relieve the Premier of the pressure which is undoubtedly brought to bear upon him to appoint officers for their political or social influence instead of ability.—CHAS. J. TURNER, Newcastle Street, Cubitt Town, E.

(*An old idea, but it could not work worse than the present system.*)

Reconstruction of Parliament.

Why should we not reconstruct Parliament on the lines adopted by Borough Councils, County Councils, &c.—*i.e.*, the retirement annually of one-third of its members? This would check Parliamentary flouting of the electorate, and would enable the feeling of the country to be emphatically expressed year by year, instead of through the casual medium of bye-elections largely influenced by Party and local conditions. It would serve to maintain a steady interest in the affairs of the nation, and Parliament would remain stable whilst continually undergoing the infusion of new blood.—CHAS. WESTBROOK, Hanover Road, Plumstead, S.E.

(*This suggestion, too, has frequently been made, and we are not sure that it would not be preferable to the present system of General Elections.*)

Children and the Cinema.

Cinemas have at all times a large percentage of juvenile audiences, while some offer a special inducement to children, at their afternoon "rounds," in the form of not special pictures—but a reduced rate of admission. What do they see? Sensational drama, tragic and wildly exciting episodes, cowboy filibustering and often—more or less—obscene situations, to say nothing of that American travesty of humour of the "knock-about" and "brick-throwing" type. What is wanted is special films suited to children's tastes and fancies. There is an abundant field of subject matter untouched.—ARTHUR H. BERTS, Coldney Road, London, W.

(*We thought the British Cinema Trade had its own censor. What is he doing in the matter?*)

The Profiteer Hunt.

There is plenty of *prima facie* evidence of profiteering already available to the Authorities. What are excess profits but the result of profiteering? And do the Authorities never see the prospectuses of the many concerns which are inviting fresh capital, and which *advertise* therein their war-time profits? An examination of the accounts of the public utility companies should be illuminating, and a start might be made with certain shipping concerns and tobacco manufacturers. And what about the small shop-keeper who earned a bare livelihood before the war and who now boasts his motor-car and new house?—H. JONES, Selby Road, Ealing, W.

(*Our friend overlooks the important fact that in the case of Excess Profits the Government shares.*)

Five Guineas is paid to the writer of the most interesting letter. That amount has been sent to Mr. Turner.

Custody of Children.

When the laws relating to Divorce and Marriage are under consideration the following injustice should receive attention. When husband and wife separate, the law gives the father the right to the custody of the children, unless it can be *proved* that he is absolutely unworthy of the trust. On the other hand, in the case of an illegitimate child, the father escapes scot-free with the exception of paying a paltry 5s. or 7s. a week, barely enough to keep the child in milk. Why should the unmarried mother have the sole responsibility of the upbringing of the child and yet the married one be denied this privilege?—M. L. BENSON, Wyndham Terrace, Penygraig, S. Wales.

(*We deal with the various aspects of this problem in another column.*)

The Tipping System.

The hotel workers of Paris and New York have decided against tips. When will British workers do the same? Why should the public disburse, in tips, wages which grasping employers are too mean to pay? Again, if some workers are tipped, why not all? If I must tip the waiter, why not the draper's assistant? Each merely sells me something. To take tips is beneath the dignity of labour. Every worker should be a free man, working for a fair wage, and not a fawning flatterer, toadying to the man with the long purse.—A. NURTHALL BROWN, Crewe Road, Sandbach, Cheshire.

(*We are afraid that the practice of tipping—at any rate as far as waiters are concerned—is too deeply rooted in the British system to be eradicated now.*)

Abuse of "Will" Power.

Time and again one notices in the Press instances of testators attaching vexatious conditions to the inheritance of their wealth by their widows and children; wives, under pain of forfeiture, debarred from re-marrying, and equally annoying barriers set up against sons and daughters. There is no tyranny like the tyranny of the dead. Such interference with the liberty of the subject is against public policy and should be made illegal.—CHAS. N. TURNER, Spottiswoode Street, Edinburgh.

(*We agree that the law relating to testamentary dispositions requires thoroughly overhauling.*)

Parliamentary Phraseology.

One of the maxims of the law is that ignorance of it shall not avail as an excuse for its violation. Yet the meaning of scores of Acts of Parliament defies the wit of the cleverest lawyers to divine. The complex Finance Act of 1910 is a notorious example of obscure, ambiguous and involved draftsmanship; and similar obscurity mars even such a simple piece of legislation as the latest Rent and Mortgage Act. It is incumbent on us to obey the law; surely it is equally incumbent on our lawgivers to make clear to us what we have to obey.—H. WILKINS, Grosvenor Road, Urmston, Manchester.

(*Parliament is gradually simplifying the phraseology of its Acts, and we will do our best to maintain the improvement.*)

A Sober England.

Make it penal to offer for sale *inferior* wine, spirits, or beer. Everybody to have coupons, amount allowed based on quantity issuable. Manual workers to be allowed more than mental workers. Teetotalers would not use their coupons; this would increase the amount available for next issue. Any person convicted of drunkenness to forfeit a certain number of coupons each time; for repeated offences cancel coupons altogether. It is tyranny to allow a person who drinks tea, coffee or cocoa to his heart's content to dictate to those who drink beer, etc., in moderation. —Motto for Sober England—"Quality, not Quantity."—SAM COOKE, The Chase, Nottingham.

(*An ingenious suggestion, but we are afraid the British public have had about enough of coupons by this time—besides, what about that wonderful Black Book which was designed to abolish the habitual drunkard?*)

"Dilly-Dally."

As a member of an Urban Council, I protest against the manner in which the hands of Town, County and District Councils are tied by Government "Don'ts" and "Does," which is most irritating to those who want to see more progress made. To build houses one needs bricks; to start "working schemes" one needs money. Why doesn't the Government wake up and provide both—or tell the public openly that the Councils are not to blame for their inactivity?—REGINALD DAY, Baldock Street, Ware.

(*Our friend is unconsciously preaching the doctrine of the Business Government.*)

British Bacon.

During the war we were told that owing to cargo space it was better to import flour instead of grain. Result—thousands of cottagers had to give up keeping pigs owing to the shortage of feeding offals, and buy imported bacon, anything up to 2s. 6d. per lb. If we imported grain instead of flour our mills would all be working, offal would be plentiful, and the cottager would have abundant manure for his garden. We should then have *good* bacon at a fair price.—Mr. F. E. ODELL, Station Road, Graffham, Huntingdon.

(*We will pass this suggestion on to Mr. Roberts, the Food Controller.*)

Jurymen's "Wage."

The already harassed taxpayer is again being called away from earning his daily bread—liable at any time to be summoned to serve as a juryman. We are compelled to attend and lose many hours away from our work as well as pay. Every person connected with the Law Courts is paid except the Juror. Cannot something be paid for the loss of wages when attending as a juryman—it would give much more interest to the working man if "loss of wages" could be claimed.—ERNEST NOEL STANION, Whitefield, Manchester.

(*We agree that all jurymen should be paid for their services.*)

Home-Grown Fruit.

Five years of scarce and very dear fruit have not roused English people to the fact that fruit could be cheap if it was made compulsory for every tenant with a garden, however small, to have one or more fruit trees planted. And why not blackberry hedges instead of unsightly wooden palings in good-class neighbourhoods? Thousands of tons of fruit could be grown in this way, which would bring down the price and stop profiteering.—J. C. TUTT, Cossington Road, Westcliff-on-Sea.

(*Not only fruit but vegetables also should be a compulsory item in all gardens. As regards the blackberry hedges, we presume our correspondent would confine this suggestion to country districts.*)

The Limit.

A few months ago there was published a picture in one of the illustrated dailies, headed "Collaring Germany's Trade." Two or three of our blinded heroes were depicted stuffing rag dolls—a job that might easily have engaged, and delighted, school-children BEFORE the war! The Germans—thanks to the Government—are now permitted to dump their dolls—rag and otherwise—into the British markets. Are we to take it that our blinded and maimed men—after all their sufferings—are now *to compete against free Hun "dumping"*?—JACK HUBBARD, Duke's Head Street, Lowestoft.

(*We commend this letter to the attention of Sir Auckland Geddes, who is assuring our own toymakers that they "have nothing to fear."*)

British Graves in Belgium.

The Church Army authorities are shortly opening an hotel for visitors to British graves in Belgium, at Goldfish Chateau, situated half-way between Vlamertinghe and Ypres. The Imperial War Graves Commission would render a public service if they instituted an Enquiries Bureau in the neighbourhood of this chateau, thus enabling visitors to obtain information on the spot. All the material needed would be an alphabetical card-index system, easily compiled from the existing reports of the cemeteries. This would save time and labour in London, as an enquirer could obtain the location of the grave and the cemetery at the same time.—W. E. LESTER, Sgt., France.

(*We strongly commend this suggestion to the Imperial War Graves Commission.*)

Why on earth do you not take precautionary measures? It should always be remembered that what appear comparatively minor ailments have an awkward and unexpected way of developing into very grave troubles. Such derangements ought not to be neglected, or conditions very dangerous to health may be set up. Be warned therefore in time and act as thousands of wise people do—take

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THE COALITION COLUMBUS.

Looking for the "New World's" dawning,
Stands "Columbus" on the deck;

But before his eyes, in warning,
Rises many a rock and wreck!

A FOUL BLOT.

UNCHECKED MENACE TO PUBLIC HEALTH.

We have it on sound authority that "within 40 miles of London there is a village with cesspool drainage, the product of which, when it is not placed in an open pit on the allotments, is scattered over the fields to dry." A further complaint avers that in the same neighbourhood there are cottages "with only two conveniences to five households." The scene of these unsanitary abominations is the peaceful village of Twyford, Berkshire, and apparently it is nobody's business to find a remedy. It has been pointed out to the nearest Sanitary Inspector that the emptying of cesspools close to inhabited houses gives rise to an intolerable stench, and is a distinct menace to the health of the residents, but, although this officer has inspected the nuisance with his own eyes and nose, no suitable action appears to have been taken. Further, it would appear that the befouling of the fields and the lack of proper sanitary accommodation, sufficient together to breed an epidemic in the neighbourhood, are outside the jurisdiction of the Medical Officer of Health for the County Borough of Reading, who, invited to forward complaints to the proper authorities, can or will do nothing more than refer the villagers to the local Parish Council. Apparently this body are utterly indifferent to a scandal that has turned a pretty village into a foul blot upon the landscape, but surely there is some authority that can bring them to book. Has the Berkshire County Council no power to intervene; failing local authorities, what says the new Minister of Health?

WHOSE BABY?

STRANGE PATERNITY CASE AT CROYDON.

A week or two ago we had a word to say to Alderman J. E. Fox, J.P., of the Croydon Borough Bench, and, after close inquiry, we now venture to present the full facts of the case. An ex-soldier named Reginald Baker was summoned for the non-payment of £4 2s. arrears under an Affiliation Order. As soon as the case was called upon, the Clerk to the Magistrates, Mr. S. G. Edridge, tendered an important statement on the defendant's behalf. "I understand," he said, "that the baby in question shows negro origin and that there was a lodger in the house." Although, as Mr. Edridge had foreseen, this amazing statement came too late to upset the previous decision of the Bench, it was more than sufficient to upset the Magistrates. With a great deal of unnecessary rudeness, the Chairman intimated that while on babies white, black, brown, yellow, and piebald, the learned Clerk might be the finest authority living, the Croydon Justices, being a law unto themselves in such matters, would pay no attention to his observations, and the defendant must go to prison for a month, or until payment. This was too much for Mr. Edridge. "Going to prison for a black baby," he exclaimed, "I never heard of it!" We have only to add that an intelligent Magistrate, sitting where Alderman Fox was sitting, would have adjourned the matter for inquiries, in order that, if the facts were as stated, steps might be taken to remedy a flagrant injustice. As things stand, the case is one in which the Home Office should intervene.

A RASCALLY SUGGESTION.

"BULLETS" COMPETITION PROOF AGAINST FRAUD.

An unpretentious office at 27, Chancery Lane, W.C., is the headquarters of Mr. Charles Burdett Rendall. When first filing particulars under the Business Names Act, he complied with the regulations to the extent of admitting that he was in the habit of trading not only under his own name, but as Maurice Raymond, James Power, Herbert Maxwell, Nelson Cromwell, Charles Welby, Howell Forbes, and R. M. Sheridan; but we find no mention of the homely sobriquet of "John James," which is his latest signature. With characteristic impudence, he contrives to suggest that he has some undefined "pull" over Competition Judges, and that for what he is pleased to call a "good faith fee" of 10s., he can "work the oracle" for industrious aspirants. The *sine qua non* is that a successful competitor should pay Mr. "James" one quarter of any prize-money won by means of his "special solutions," but this, of course, is mere flummery. It is the 10s. "good faith fee," payable in advance, that the artful solutionist has set his mind upon, although as an alternative he proposes a personal interview with clients foolish enough to pay his travelling expenses. We need hardly say that the whole scheme is an arrant fraud, the suggestion of personal influence with Competition Judges being the most transparent of the rascally pretences by which Rendall and his satellites seek to recommend their shady devices. Our "Bullets" competitors may rest assured that complete safeguards have been established to prevent the possibility of fraud.

THE SECRET OF BEING A CONVINCING TALKER

How I learned it in one evening

By GEORGE RAYMOND

"Have you heard the news about Frank Jordan?"

This question quickly brought me to the little group which had gathered in the centre of the office. Jordan and I had started with the Great Eastern Machinery Co. within a month of each other, four years ago. A year ago Jordan was taken into the accountant's department, and I was sent out, as traveller. Neither of us was blessed with an unusual degree of brilliancy, but we made good in our new positions well enough to keep them.

Imagine my amazement, then, when I heard:

"Jordan's just been made secretary of the company!"

I could hardly believe my ears. But there was the "Notice to Employees" on the notice board, telling about Jordan's good fortune.

Now I knew that Jordan was a capable fellow, quiet and unassuming, but I never would have selected him for any such sudden rise. I knew, too, that the Secretary of the Great Eastern had to be a big man, and I wondered how in the world Jordan secured the position.

The first chance I got I walked into Jordan's new office, and after congratulating him warmly, I asked him to give me the details of how he jumped ahead so quickly. His story is so intensely interesting that I am going to repeat it as closely as I remember.

"I'll tell you just how it happened, George, because you may pick up a point or two that will help you.

"You remember how scared I used to be whenever I had to talk to the chief? You remember how you used to tell me that every time I opened my mouth I put my foot into it, meaning, of course, that every time I spoke I got into trouble? You remember when Ralph Sinton left to take charge of the Western Office, and I was asked to present him with the silver cup the boys gave him, how flustered I was, and how I couldn't say a word because there were people around? You remember how confused I used to be every time I met new people? I couldn't say what I wanted to say when I wanted to say it; and I determined that if there was any possible chance to learn how to talk I was going to do it.

"The first thing I did was to buy a number of books on public speaking, but they seemed to be meant for those who wanted to become orators, whereas what I wanted to learn was not only how to speak in public, but how to speak to individuals under various conditions in business and social life.

"A few weeks later, just as I was about to give up hope of ever learning how to talk interestingly, I read an announcement stating that Dr. Frederick Law had just completed a new course in business talking and public speaking, entitled 'Mastery of Speech.' The course was offered on approval without money in advance, so since I had nothing whatever to lose by examining the lessons I sent for them, and in a few days they arrived. I glanced through the entire eight lessons, reading the headings and a few paragraphs here and there, and in about an hour the whole system of effective speaking was opened to me.

"For example, I learned why I had always lacked confidence, why talking had always seemed something to be dreaded, whereas it is really the simplest thing in the world to 'get up and talk.' I learned how to secure complete attention to what I was saying, and how to make everything I said interesting, forceful, and convincing. I learned the art of listening, the value of silence, and the power of brevity. Instead of being funny at the wrong time, I learned how and when to use humour with telling effect.

"But perhaps the most wonderful part of the lessons were the actual examples of what things to say and when to say them to meet every condition. I found that there was a knack in making oral report to my superiors. I found that there was a right and a wrong way to present complaints, to give estimates, and to issue orders.

"I picked up some wonderful points about how to give my opinions, about how to answer complaints, about how to ask the bank for a loan, about how to ask for extensions. Another thing that struck me forcibly was that, instead of antagonising people when I didn't agree with them, I learned how to bring them round to my way of thinking in the most pleasant sort of way. Then, of course, along with those lessons there were chapters on speaking before large audiences, how to find material for talking and speaking how to talk with friends, how to talk to servants, and how to talk to children.

"Why, I got the secret the very first evening, and it was only a short time before I was able to apply all of the principles, and found that my words were beginning to have an almost magical effect upon everybody to whom I spoke. It seemed that I got things done instantly, whereas formerly, as you know, what I said went 'in one ear and out the other.' I began to acquire an executive ability that surprised me. I smoothed out difficulties like a true diplomat. In my talks with the chief I spoke clearly, simply, convincingly. Then came my first promotion since I entered the accounting department. I was given the job of answering complaints, and I made good. From that I was given the job of making collections. When Mr. Buckley joined the Officers' Training Corps I was made secretary. Between you and me, George, my salary is now £1,500 a year, and I expect it will be more by the end of the year.

"And I want to tell you honestly that I attribute my success solely to the fact that I learned how to talk to people."

When Jordan finished I asked him for the address of the publishers of Dr. Law's Course, and he gave it to me. I sent for it and found it to be exactly as he had stated. After studying the eight simple lessons I began to sell to people who had previously refused to listen to me at all. After four months of record-breaking sales during the dullest season of the year, I received a wire from the chief asking me to return to the city office. We had quite a long talk, in which I explained how I was able to break sales records—and I was appointed Sales Manager at almost twice my former salary. I knew that there was nothing in me that had changed except that I had acquired the ability to talk where formerly I simply used "words without reason." I can never thank Jordan enough for telling me about Dr. Law's Course in Business Talking and Public Speaking. Jordan and I are both spending all our spare time in making public speeches on political subjects, and Jordan is being talked about now as Mayor of our town.

So confident is the Standard Art Book Co., Ltd., publishers of "Mastery of Speech," Dr. Law's Course in Business Talking and Public Speaking, of the result once you have an opportunity to see in your own home how you can, in one hour, learn the secret of speaking, and how you can apply the principles of effective speech under all conditions, that they are willing to send you the Course for free examination.

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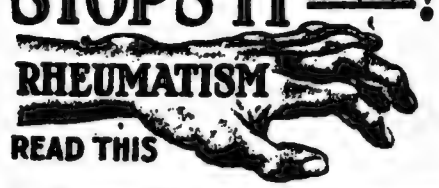

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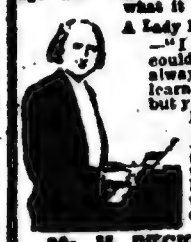

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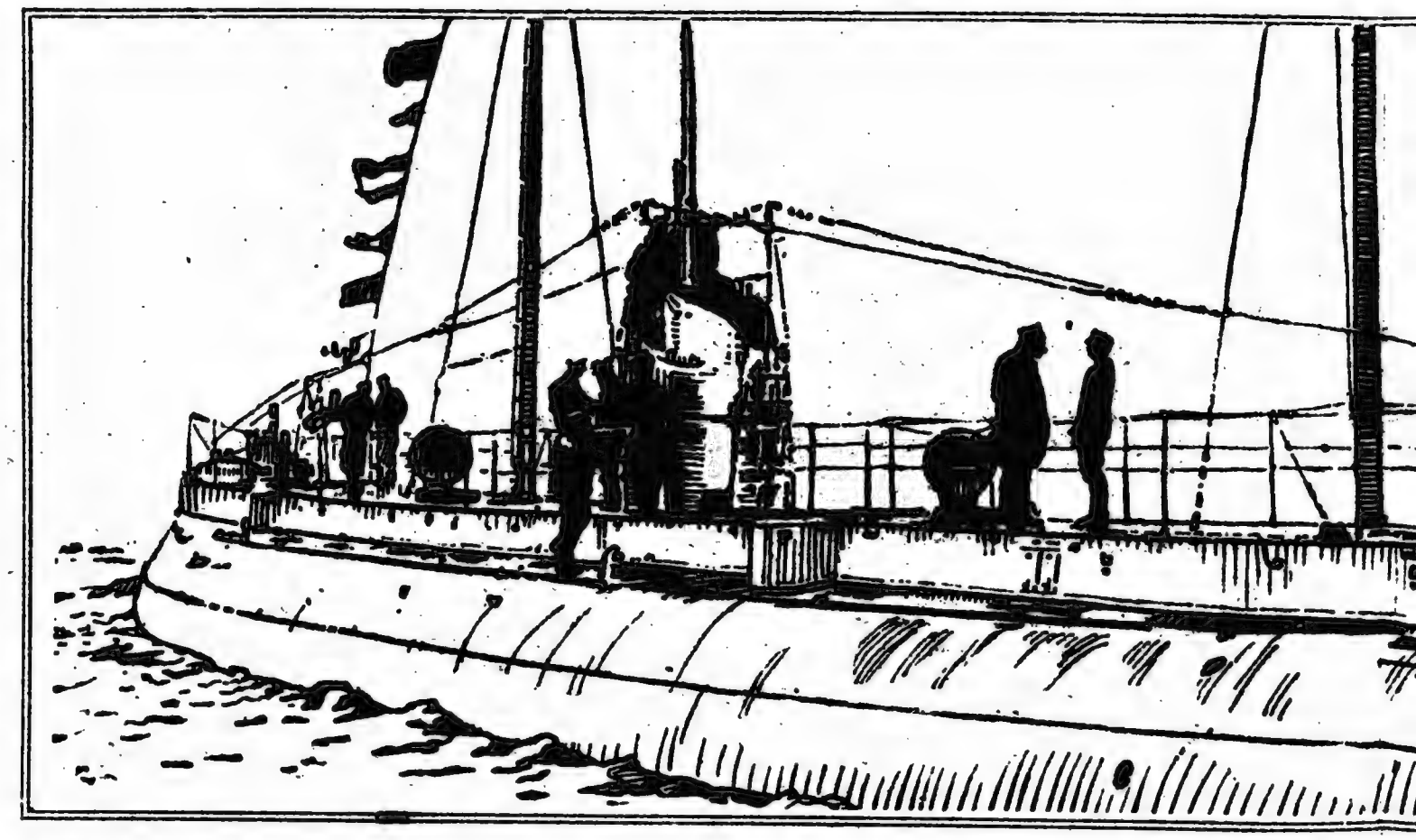
"THEY KNOW NOT

The Railway Strike—Remember the Dead

By THE EDI

IN the Christian story of the Crucifixion, Christ in his death agony cries out to Heaven: "Father, forgive them; they know not what they do!" And these words, winged down the ages, ring in my ears to-day as I contemplate the spectacle of hundreds of thousands of honest men unconsciously throwing to the winds all that the sacrifice of their brothers—whose bones are rotting in foreign graves—had won. Only the other day the Prime Minister was telling us of the great New World which was to emerge from the war tragedy of the past five years. Yet, even as his words were being spoken, the grim spectre of anarchy was stalking the land, and all that was worst in the Old World was asserting its supremacy over the nascent forces of a new-born Brotherhood of Man, rising from the Soil of Sacrifice, bathed in the blood of the Glorious Dead. And now the hideous monster has appeared—and all is Chaos. Yet that is but the story of To-day. What of To-morrow? Five years ago we learnt how thin is the line which separates Civilisation from Savagery. To-morrow may teach us a truth not less startling. *We may learn that behind Democracy lurks the Devil.* Those words may, at first, shock my working-men readers—who may think that in this hour of trial I have been won over by the enemies of the People. Don't believe it—I am with them, and for them, all the time and all the way. And, thank God, I am of them. That is why I won't see them exploited—by either Capitalists, or Governments, or "Labour Leaders." In that last category I include all who claim to speak in their name—whether they be Members of Parliament, Trade Union officials, Journalists, Bolshevists, Syndicalists, Socialists, Anarchists, or nondescript agitators. And it is because some of these fellows are, either by design or through ignorance and fanaticism, doing the work of the Devil, and because, as Time counts, in these early days of Democratic Freedom, the Masses are prone to be misled by the glib tongue or pen of those who, trading upon their grievances, hold out visions of the Promised Land of Plenty—if only they will claim it—waving the red flag and crying "Down with everything that's up"—that I say the Devil lurks in the rear, watching their hellish propaganda. Thus it comes about to-day that just when all the nation should be united in a bond of goodwill; when Peer and Peasant, Lord and Labourer, have fought and fallen side by side; when Castle and Cottage have their empty chairs; when a New Spirit, born of Common Sacrifice and Better Understanding, was abroad in the land; when Capital and Labour were at last coming together in fair partnership—when, in short, in the true sense we were about to reap the Fruits of Victory—the Devil behind Democracy suddenly lets loose all the evil forces of social and industrial revolution and throws out a challenge to God—who, surrounded by our Silent Dead, speaks but one word: "Remember."



Remember the Dead.

I don't know how that message appeals to you. It chokes me. I remember standing in a First Receiving Station for the wounded, just at the back of the front line. It is nearly two years ago—but the picture is living before my eyes as I write. There comes on a stretcher as handsome and fine a fellow as I have ever seen. His side is torn open by shrapnel; his bowels protrude—he is writhing in pain. "Finish me off," he cries—"I can't stand it." The surgeon turns a kindly glance (he has several other cases to which he is attending) and hurries along with a morphia injection. In a few minutes the poor chap is drowsing. The doctor comes back, takes the pulse, and tells me: "He won't be long now—I can't do anything." I said he was drowsing, didn't I? Well, he heard those words; his dreamy eyes drew me to his side, his lips moved, and I tried hard to catch his words, but one, and one only, reached me—it was "England"; and with that word on his bloodless lips he passed into the Great Beyond. "England." Come your strikers, there's a message for you from your dead brother. *I* can't improve upon it. And now, if you please, come with me to the Great Base Hospital, at Etaples. There were 5,000 beds in it, when I was there—and there were 5,000 graves just outside it—graves of boys who had been in those beds before the occupants I saw. Come over to this corner with me. You see that screen—let us step behind it. Yes, that is a human being—still alive. True, all the flesh is off his face, but the eyes are there. Look into them, if you dare, and say: "I am a striker." You can't—of course you can't. Well, come over here. He's only a boy isn't he? And he is dying! Now read this note he gave me half an hour ago: "Mother, dear, don't worry—I'm just following Dad and Fred." That was three of a family, you see—and *you* were earning fairly decent wages, perhaps, as an "indispensable" man, or if you did go out—as Heaven knows many of you did—you have come back, safe and sound. I spoke to that lad again before the end. He was not eighteen, and had joined up at sixteen and a half. "I thought I ought to go," he said, "and then perhaps they would send Dad back to Mother." But they didn't. He and Dad and Fred will never come back. They died to make a better England—and you are on strike! You know not what you do! Shall I take you to just one more spot? It is the mortuary. There he is—you see him on that cold, slate slab. This morning I was talking to him—this evening I shall be at the little burial service by his grave. Notice his fine, aristocratic features, his tapered fingers. Yes, he was an aristocrat—and he had received

T WHAT THEY DO."

Dead—A Straight Talk to the "Leaders."

E EDITOR.

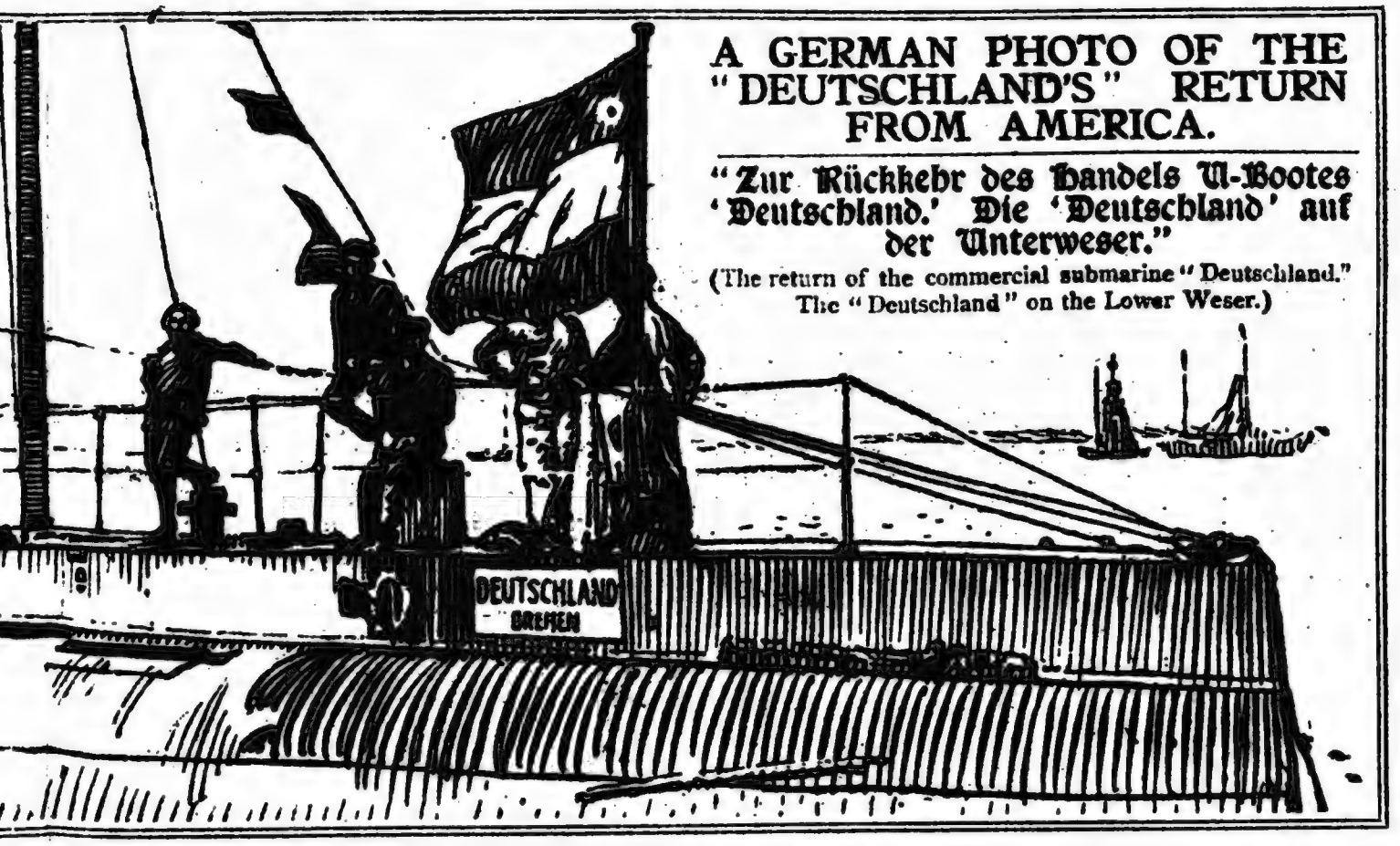
his mortal wounds whilst rescuing one of his men who had got entangled in barbed wire. "I couldn't see him hanging there, to be shot like a dog," he told me—"besides, I got to love my boys; they were such good chaps, all of them." And you are on strike! No, no, my friends—it won't do. It is wicked. It is a crime against Heaven. It is a blasphemy upon the memory of that son, or brother, or father of yours, or other relative or friend, whose life was part of the price which had to be paid if the New World was ever to come. A million British soldiers did not lay down their lives that a million British workers might lay down their tools. Think that over!

The Folly and the Cruelty.

Think, too, of the folly and the cruelty of the thing. I know it is not your fault—it is not your doing. But it is your strike. What good will it do you? You make an enemy of the general public—who respected and trusted you, and who will never have the same regard for you again. And you inflict infinite suffering on the children and the womenfolk—not only your own, but on those of all your fellow working men. I go so far as to say that even if you gain your point—whatever it is—the price you are paying for it is too high. And bear in mind that you are killing the goose that lays the egg. Whilst you are striking, other countries are securing our trade, and goods and passenger traffic will be one of the first things to suffer. And what about your demand for nationalisation? You see that dealing with a Government is not quite the same thing as it is with a private employer—and one outcome of this trouble may well be that, whether you like it or not, the State will take over the whole Transport business of the country and make every railwayman a State servant—subject to semi-military discipline. And what about the abolition of Conscription? You are giving the people an object-lesson in the necessity for the maintenance of a big standing army—for their own internal protection. Altogether your "leaders" have made a pretty mess of it, haven't they? Isn't it about time you led *them?* Mark you, I am not saying one word against the justice of your demands. In principle, they appear to me to be just, and I believe that the public, which has so far generously recognised your claims upon them, would willingly have gone a bit further for the sake of peace and contentment amongst what, after all, is the most important of our national services. But you—or, rather, your "leaders"—have given them no chance of learning your case. There is, indeed, something very suspicious about the way in which the strike has suddenly been rushed. There is no immediate question to be settled. Parliament meets this month, and you have Mr. Thomas and others in the Commons. Why couldn't they have waited till then—when many of us would have been there to back them up in any fair demands upon the Government? As it is, you will have to deal with a House whose sympathies will have been estranged—whose minds, if you like, will have been poisoned. There's another folly. It will make no difference to me. As I have already said, I am with you all the way in any legitimate grievance. If the Government has broken faith with you, I will do my best to bring them to book. I don't worry myself about the extra cost of any further "concession." We have gone too far for that sort of argument. Besides, there's plenty of money, plenty of wealth about, if we will only work and pull together. But do give us an opportunity of knowing what the row is about. Give the new Minister of Transport a chance. To knock him down the moment he enters the ring—before he has time even to put on the gloves—isn't sportsmanlike. But it isn't your fault. You know not what you do.

A Word with the "Leaders."

And now a final word with the "leaders." They have much to answer for. They haven't led you—they have driven you—driven you, like dumb cattle, to the very edge of a precipice. I want to meet them face to face, on the floor of the House of Commons. I will tell them there what I say here—they have betrayed you. Either knowingly, or in criminal ignorance, they have played right into the hands of the enemy. Ah! yes—the enemy has not disappeared. We are now at the beginning of a great Trade war, and you are more interested in our victory than any other class of the community. *This strike, if continued, will mean the murder of British trade!—the murder of the British workman.* And your "leaders" have done it! Leaders! They are being led themselves—led by the nose. And we must find out by whom. The Prime Minister speaks of "a small band of anarchists." He has means of information at his disposal which I have not—but I do know something of what has been going on behind the scenes. *And I mean to know more.* I mean to find out who are the half-dozen schemers who have been at work ever since the Armistice, with the sole object of dislocating the industrial and commercial machinery of our country. And I mean to find out who is financing them. I further mean to ascertain whether any of your so-called leaders are or have been in the pay of these men or of anyone else. And, finally, I mean to sift the mystery of the origin of this lightning strike. And in doing all that, I shall be rendering you a good service. I say, once more, that you are the mere tools of either fanatics or rogues, and that you know not what you do. I do not think, however, that God will forgive those who have misled you. If they don't know, they *ought* to know what they do!



A GERMAN PHOTO OF THE "DEUTSCHLAND'S" RETURN FROM AMERICA.

"Zur Rückkehr des Handels U-Bootes 'Deutschland.' Die 'Deutschland' auf der Unterweser."

(The return of the commercial submarine "Deutschland." The "Deutschland" on the Lower Weser.)

SAVE THE CHILDREN.

THE PERILS OF PROMISCUOUS "ADOPTION."

It ought not to be as easy as it is for parents to get rid of their children. In our "People's Pulpit" the other day, a correspondent drew attention to the prevalence of newspaper advertisements offering or inviting the "total surrender" of unwanted infants, with or without a monetary inducement. The poor mites to be disposed of in this way are by no means always those usually spoken of as "illegitimate," the advertisements frequently containing a specific assurance upon this point, coupled sometimes with the statement that the child is of "gentle birth." The position is not quite as bad as it was before the passing of the Children Act, 1908. Legally, no parent can divest himself or be deprived of the custody of a child, except under an Order of the Court. In view of the growth of this evil, there is much to be said for the suggestion, advanced by a legal correspondent, that no such trafficking in the lives of innocent children should be permitted, except on the authority of a Court of Law.

BILKED BY THE HUNS.

GOVERNMINT INDIFFERENCE TO BRITISH CLAIMS.

A young lady employed until 1914 as an English teacher in Germany saved up nearly £100, which was deposited with the Dresdner Bank, Berlin. When the war broke out, it may have seemed that all was lost, but now that victory is ours it should be an easy matter to recover the money. Not so, however. There is absolutely "nothing doing." Repeated applications to the Public Trustee, as Custodian of Enemy Assets, have proved entirely fruitless. This official states that he is "awaiting instructions" from a supine Government. So he was in July, in June, in April. The facts have been represented to the managers of the Prince of Wales' Fund, who have been asked to advance the £100 and take their chance of collecting it from the Public Trustee; but, oh dear no! they know better. Surely *if* we are to receive an indemnity from Germany—that "if" grows bigger every day—it should include first and foremost the payment of outstanding debts to British citizens whose possessions were engulfed in the tide of war.

YANKEES ON THE MAKE HASTE.

OUR APATHETIC "INTELLIGENCE" DEPARTMENT.

Apropos of a recent paragraph, an Englishman formerly employed as Manager and Accountant of one of the largest railway lines in South America, assures us that immediately following the outbreak of hostilities in Europe he was approached by leading United States firms with the intimation that "now that Great Britain and Germany had their hands tied by the war, the opportunity had come for the States to scoop their trade in South America." Resisting these overtures, which were accompanied by the offer of lucrative situations, our friend threw up his position, came home and joined the Army, and for some time was engaged in driving an ammunition lorry in France. Since the Armistice he has offered his services to the Overseas Commerce and Intelligence Department, in the hope that his unique experience of South American conditions, coupled with a thorough knowledge of the Spanish language, might be of service in this direction; but he is informed, none too courteously, that there are no vacancies in the Latin American Section of the above Department, while for the Consular Service, although in the A.1. Army category, he is too old at 45! While Buenos Aires and other large South American cities are swarming with emissaries of the United States Government, paving the way for commercial enterprise, it is a sheer absurdity to contend that we have "no vacancies" for men of this type.

LIBELLOUS PUMPURITANS.

FANATIC'S FURIOUS ATTACK ON SOLDIERS' CLUB.

Some time ago the Horsforth Union District Council recommended to a public meeting a scheme for a cottage hospital for a War Memorial. A Committee was formed, but found that the cost would be prohibitive—there being no likelihood of raising the large sum of money required for the purpose. A new Committee was elected, consisting of fourteen civilians and twelve ex-soldiers. The result of their deliberations was a decision to recommend to the public a War Memorial consisting of "A Cenotaph with the names of the dead inscribed thereon, in memory of our Glorious Dead, and an Institute for Service and ex-Service men." A public meeting to discuss this proposal was called for September 10th. Meantime, however, Horsforth's Kill-joys, Pumpuritans, Cranks, and Hypocrites got busy, and produced and circulated broadcast the following libellous pamphlet:—

> Dear Friends,—We beg to urge you to attend the War Memorial meeting to be held to-night, at 8 o'clock, in the Mechanics' Institute. We learn that the Committee recommends the erection of a Monument, on which shall be inscribed the names of all our fallen. This project cannot fail to receive universal support. The citizens are next invited to purchase a House, which shall serve the purpose of a Club, and, it is whispered—a *Drinking Club! This also in Memory of our Dead!!* To a large number of people, and especially to the parents and wives of the Fallen, such a Memorial would be utterly unfitting and offensive. Some of our lads were, on principle, Total Abstainers, and is their heroism in death to be commemorated by a Tap-Room? For everybody's sake, let us have nothing that lowers the health, the morals, and the efficiency of our young people. We again urge you to come to the meeting, and, by your vote, if not by your voice, save Horsforth from what might become an unspeakable disgrace.

The six "worthies" who signed this unscrupulous document, which plainly sets out to cast a foul slur upon the promoters of the Soldiers' Institute, were C. O. Brutton, M.A., Vicar of St. Margaret's; John Ford, Lister Hill Baptist Church; Owen Jones, Grove Wesleyan Church; W. H. Potter, Cragg Hill Baptist Church; J. E. Ratcliffe, Providence U.M. Church; and T. W. Story, M.A., Vicar of St James' Church. We print their names to show to what depths of meanness fanaticism can bring presumably intelligent men.

NO HOUSES FOR THE HOMELESS.

GRAVE ALLEGATION AGAINST LOCAL OFFICIALS.

Probably the housing trouble in Southampton is only a counterpart of similar worries in other cities, but it presents some striking features. It is calculated that about 3,000 houses are required for the families of men who have returned from war to find themselves homeless. They at once become the victims of profiteers in rooms and lodgings, while the Corporation does nothing. Not one brick is laid on top of another. The serious assertion is made that the housing scheme is purposely held up by Aldermen and Councillors who own small houses. They do not let to houseless soldiers or sailors. They sell them at far more than their real value. The buyer can never be a man who has drawn only Service pay for some years; it is a man who has stayed at home and earned big money. This assertion is not made anonymously or secretly. It has been uttered in the Council Chamber itself by a man who named several Councillors whom he alleged to be among the traffickers indicated. Southampton, in common with other cities that do nothing, needs the stimulus of Government compulsion.

THE "DEUTSCHLAND."

GREAT DEMAND FOR SOUVENIRS, GUIDES, ETC.

There is an enormous demand for the illustrated Guide and History of Germany's super-submarine, which is being published at the price of sixpence, and copies of which can be obtained on board the vessel or by post on application to the Secretary, "Victory Club," 26, King Street, St. James', London, S.W.1. Two fine series of photographic postcards may also be obtained, price twopence each, or in sets of six for a shilling. Popular souvenirs are now also ready, and an illustrated catalogue of same will be forwarded on application. Each souvenir carries John Bull's guarantee of its manufacture from the *Deutschland* metal, and we strongly urge our readers to avail themselves of this unique opportunity of securing a permanent memento of the triumph of the British navy over the demoniacal submarine monster which was designed for its undoing.

GOVERNMENT SWEATING.

MISTAKEN ECONOMY IN PENSIONS DEPARTMENT.

There is considerable dissatisfaction among ex-Service men employed by the Ministry of Pensions, who, as regards pay and promotion, find themselves at a heavy disadvantage in competition with members of the staff who escaped military service. In several cases an applicant's military record seems to have operated as a distinct handicap in competition for the better class of civil appointments. Moreover, it appears that in some instances ex-soldiers are receiving wages lower than the official scale laid down for their particular grades. We find, for example, that in a Northern "region" First-class Assistants, drawn from the ranks of the demobilised, are receiving £2 10s. per week, although the scale distinctly provides for a minimum of £3 weekly. The only excuse put forward for this gross irregularity is that such cases are "exceptional." It is to be hoped they are. When we come to the rank of Second-class Assistants, we find that a minimum wage of £2 5s. weekly, "inclusive of war bonus," is considered a sufficient discharge of the Ministry's obligation to ex-Service men. On this low level the Department can surely honour its undertakings in full.

NOTHING ATTEMPTED, NOTHING DONE.

STRIKING RECORD OF OFFICIAL PROCRASTINATION.

The Ministry of Labour and the Ministry of Pensions can, between them, make a fine hash of things when they like. In one case, an officer was disabled and invalided from the Army in November, 1917. He was advised by representatives of the two Ministries named to apply for training in fruit-farming. When all formalities had been duly complied with, another official gentleman informed him that he was not in agreement with a medical certificate that he was incapable of resuming his former profession. As that opinion over-ruled the doctor's, the fruit-farming scheme was "off." The applicant then registered for employment with the Appointments Department, and there, as usual, nothing was doing beyond the filling-up of forms. Tired of waiting, in April he shook the dust of the Department from off his feet, and lodged an application for a course of training at a commercial college. Not till nearly the end of July was his claim passed on to a Revising Board, and even then it hung fire until the first of September, when a lackadaisical official casually told the officer that the college course selected by him was not recognised by the Treasury. Just think of it—from November, 1917, till September, 1919, and not one thing done! As an example of official delay and heartlessness, the story stands out.

WONDERFUL HEALING!

A Marvel of Modern Science.

Like the precious balms used by the ancient Gladiators, Zam-Buk depends on costly herbal extracts for its magical power. In healing wounds and freeing the skin from disease it is unequalled.

When Zam-Buk is applied to a *cut, scratch or wound* the pain is stopped, germ infection prevented, and the broken tissues promptly knitted together. Zam-Buk reduces the burning irritation of *Eczema*, and owing to its unique powers of penetration gets to the root of the disease. It draws poison and inflammation out of Ulcerated Sores in a way that is a pleasing revelation to the sufferer. Zam-Buk quickly cleanses and cures the *Ringworm-ridden scalp* of a child, and rescues the bodies and limbs of adults from *Sores and Pains* that have defied all other treatments. Zam-Buk does this with more certainty of lasting benefit, more quickly and at less cost than anything else.

Zam-Buk has such a wide range of usefulness for every-day accidents and skin diseases that no home can afford to be without a box of this wonderful healer.

Zam-Buk is sold in sealed boxes at 1/3 and 3/- (the 3/- size contains nearly 4 times the quantity of the 1/3 box), by all chemists, or direct from The Zam Buk Laboratories, Leeds. Refuse Substitutes.

Zam-Buk

'Ever-Ready' Safety Razor

The 'Ever-Ready' Shave is the pleasant daily routine of millions of men the world over. They *know* it is the best razor by their own test. The frame is guaranteed for ten years. The 'Ever-Ready' outfit is complete in substantial case with 7 'Radio' Blades for

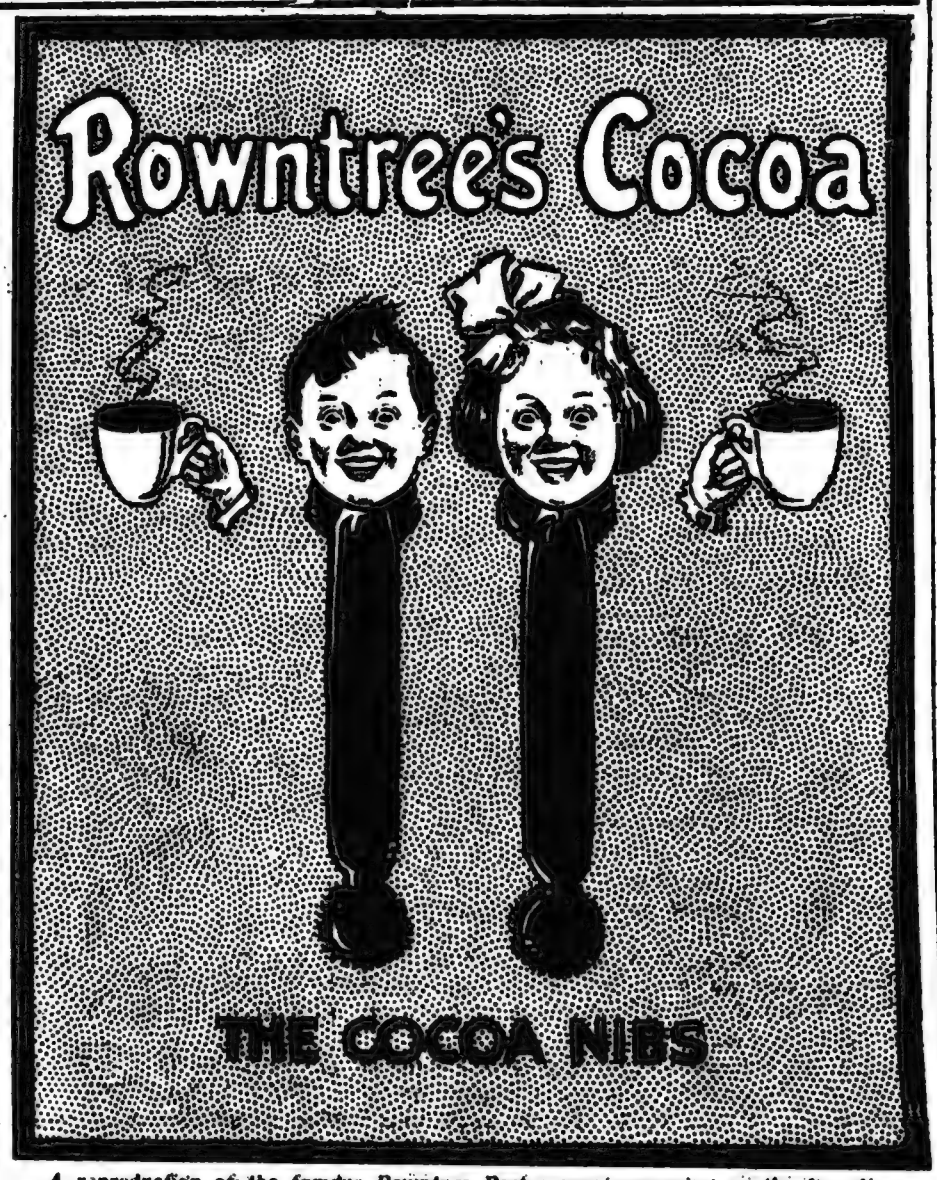
5/-

'X3X' Temper Radio Blades.

'Ever-Ready' enthusiasts are enjoying these new 'X3X' Temper 'Radio' Blades. They are the keenest, cleanest, and finest blades made. The harder your beard and more tender your skin, the more you will appreciate these 'Radio' Blades. You can buy them at every good store the world over, 1/6 for 6, or 3/- for 12.

Refuse inferior substitutes.

'EVER-READY' SAFETY RAZOR CO. LTD., 130, Great Portland Street, London, W.1



A reproduction of the famous Rowntree Poster now appearing on the hoardings.

Are you collecting "JOHN BULL" Pen Coupons? See page 22.

JOHN BULL AT PLAY.

RACING, FOOTBALL, BOXING AND OTHER SPORTING NOTES.

Racing.

We hope to hear the racecourse executives will shortly disgorge, after their gargantuan feast, of summer gates. "Dates" which in due course ripen with gates! is their staple food presented them gratis by the Jockey Club and served up hot to their customers at the pay boxes. Yes, they get the fruit and the people are getting the pip, and what about the poor owners?

Mr. Cathcart, of Messrs. Pratt and Co., is doubling the stake money for his Jumping meeting at Gatwick. This, at least, is a move in the right direction. Providing the stake money is offered, the forthcoming meetings under N.H. Rules promise to be a record in every particular—railway strikes of course permitting.

It will indeed be instructive to watch how Alasnam shapes at "headquarters" to-day. We favour his chance more for the Cambridgeshire than the Cesarewitch. Good a boy as Weston is, we fear his ability to get the best out of him over so long a course as the Cesarewitch.

The Newbury Autumn Cup was not run to suit Langdon Hills, and he may easily do a lot better in the Cesarewitch. One thing we are convinced of, and that is he will stay the course.

There is a movement on foot for a testimonial to Batho, the Alfriston trainer, for the purpose of giving practical expression to the sympathy of the sporting community, amongst whom the opinion is general that the withdrawal of his training licence was scarcely justified by the circumstances of the case.

Football.

Not since they won the F.A. Cup in 1901 have Tottenham Hotspur made such a stir in the football world. They have a long way to go, but at present they appear to be in a class by themselves in the League promotion race It would be iteresting to know exactly what has become of all that famous cup-team of eighteen years ago. The names were: Clawley; Erentz, Tait; Morris, Hughes, Jones; Smith, Cameron, Brown, Copeland, Kirwan. Cameron we know to be managing a club in Scotland.

We never knew a better-managed body in sport than the Army Football Association, which in years gone by provided such fine sport for the Tommies. Now in full swing again the Army F.A. is in for a most successful season, and Captain Morten, the keenest of team secretaries, has arranged a capital series of representative matches, including Cambridge University, Oxford University, the Corinthians and the Royal Navy and Marines.

The case brought against a Scottish League Football Club, on the score of excessive charges for the enclosures, had something to commend it, whatever the scope of the law may be. As a matter of public interest it was important, for complaints are loud and long over excessive charges for all forms of entertainment, whilst some of the football clubs, not content with the shilling gate, have undoubtedly been piling it on a bit too thick for the reserved seats.

In our second Football competition, 18 matches to be played on September 20th were set, but, owing to an alteration of dates, the fixture given on the coupon as Lincoln City *v.* Bristol City was played on the ground of the latter team. Accordingly, in compliance with the rules, this fixture was ignored. One competitor, Mr. D. J. Crane, 32, Duncan Terrace, Islington, London, N.1., succeeded in sending in a coupon with the correct results of the remaining matches, and the prize of £1,000 has therefore been awarded to him. This week we are again offering a prize of £1,000. A coupon will be found on page iii. of cover.

"It comes as a god-send to me," was Mr. Crane's exclamation on being informed he had won the £1,000 Prize. He has been a keen competitor for many years, his son having won a substantial prize some years ago. Seeing our offer he thought he would try again, realising how very serviceable our prize would prove at the present time, in view of the fact that one son is temporarily dependent on him, and that the increased cost of living hits him very hard. During the war Mr. Crane has been employed as a sorter in the Post Office. Previous to that he held positions in two prominent London engineering firms for periods of 21 years each. He is 71 years of age, but looks considerably younger. He has two sons and a daughter who is cashier in a well-known London drapery firm.

The Winner of Our £1,000 Football Prize.

Mr. Crane volunteered the information that our system of marking the coupons was the simplest of any football competition. After satisfying his immediate personal wants, and helping some of his family, Mr. Crane proposes to invest the balance in a Government security. "I did not realise that in spite of the change of one of the matches you would still award the £1,000 prize for the remaining seventeen matches. It is a tribute to the way JOHN BULL conducts its competitions," were Mr. Crane's concluding words.

WEEK'S RACING SELECTIONS.

NEWMARKET—WEDNESDAY.
Maiden Plate—*ALASNAM.
October Handicap—CHUETTE.
Hopeful Stakes—BRIGHT FOLLY.

NEWMARKET—THURSDAY.
T.-Y.-O. Selling—*GIFT OF THE GAB.
Bentinck Nursery—PLACIDA.
Snailwell Stakes—DIADEM.

NEWMARKET—FRIDAY.
Norwich Handicap—GRAND FLEET.
Rous Memorial—SAICHEDON.
Ditch Mile Nursery—*SORGHUM.

EDINBURGH—THURSDAY.
Sportsman Nursery—FLASHAWAY.
Caledonian Hunt Stakes—*BOW STREET.

EDINBURGH—FRIDAY.
Barnbougle Nursery—JAUNTING CAR.
Inveresk Plate—PLANET.

ALEXANDRA PARK—SATURDAY.
Southgate Welter—*ZULANDA.
Hornsey Handicap—POURBOIRE.
October Nursery—MINGARIE.

Boxing.

There has been a lull in the boxing world, but serious activities are to be renewed with the Basham and Bermondsey "Billy" Wells' fight at the Holborn Stadium, on Friday. Basham enhanced his reputation by his supreme skill in his contest with Charles at Olympia, but Wells, who knows most of the tricks of the game, is likely to give him more serious work.

The star turn of the N.S.C. programme for October is, of course, the meeting of Jim Driscoll and Charles Ledoux. "Peerless Jim," as he has been so aptly described, revealed something of his capacity to "come back" when he met Rossi in Wales and should have had the verdict. Whatever may happen on the 20th inst., we can rely upon Jim, the artist, to put up some beautiful boxing—the real thing.

Golf Problems.

The Royal and Ancient Club, to our thinking, is far too ancient to continue as the governing body of Golf. When a member gets on his hind legs and talks about "the fun and skill of the stymie," which this moth-eaten legislative concern has decided not to abolish, it makes us tired, for there never was a more monstrous travesty of sport and premium on skill than this freakish incidental to golf.

On the question of a standard golf ball, the Royal and Very Ancient Club, despite all these years of controversy, instead of taking a decided lead, have adopted an absurdly equivocal attitude. They venture the opinion that in order to preserve the balance between the power of the ball and the length of the holes, etc., the power of the ball should be limited. And they are going to ask the opinions of the U.S.A. and other golf authorities before making a final pronouncement.

If they want any help, we would advise them to drop the subject forthwith, and leave it to the individual golfer to adapt his play to special circumstances, and to handicap his game, if he will, by using a ball not suitable for the purpose. We would not have ingenuity in the evolution of the golf ball cramped in any way, nor see freedom of choice restricted; and we fail to see any pressing reason for the so-called "reform."

Miscellaneous.

We wish the Right Honourable Lord Downham, of Fulham F.C., joy in his new post as Chairman of the British Olympic Games Council, and we can promise him he has "some job" if he wishes to secure unanimity of purpose and whole-hearted co-operation now that the Council has decided to support next year's games at Antwerp.

For our part we do not like the Olympic Games at all, as in many respects they fail to conform to the ethics of amateur sport; and we have a large section of the sporting community with us when we assert that 1920 was too soon after the war for the expenditure of such vast organising energy, which might be reserved for more useful purposes.

The hero-worship in American baseball is as amazing as the language of the game. Somebody has sent us a cutting which refers to a team manager by saying "there are Pat Moran and seven wonders of the world," and we are told that when Pat steered his side to triumph "an old man in California looked at the National League standing and dropped dead; and another went blind, for the Reds were at the top of the heap." Dangerous game this!

We hear that the Amateur Skittles Association is in for a very healthy post-war revival, and embraces over 8,000 members. It held a most successful "re-union" meeting on Monday.

WOLSEY!

The Best the world produces.

The price of Wolsey may seem high—until you know the Wolsey value.

Nowhere else, at Wolsey's price, are you assured of underwear which means so much to comfort, health and satisfaction.

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WATCH A "WOLSEY" WINDOW WIN!

Apart from the wonderful effects to be obtained with Wolsey showcards, tickets and the like—gladly sent free—the very fact of showing Wolsey will repay you, and a little extra skill may very easily land the "John Bull" Prize.

Write us to-day mentioning the "John Bull" Competition.

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TRIAL (Obtainable at Boots & Taylor's at 2/9 per box.) 6D. TREATMENT

HAVE YOU Seen the most interesting Monthly Magazine "EVERYDAY SCIENCE"?

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"EVERYDAY SCIENCE" is unique in interest, wonderful photos, striking ideas. Here is a typical list of contents (all fully illustrated):—

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ASK YOUR NEWSAGENT FOR IT.

NEWSAGENTS sending 1d. stamp will be forwarded a clean copy of a recent issue.

FREE to the GREY-HAIRED

Full particulars can now be obtained by readers of a wonderful new method of restoring lost natural colour to the hair, moustache, or beard (discovered by a distinguished member of the Paris Faculty). Removes all signs of greyness in a few minutes. Easy and inexpensive. Restores original colour, is long lasting and undetectable. Reduces appearance of age 10 to 20 years. Restores exact shade of hair before it lost its colour. Does not "paint on," but colours each hair from the centre outwards. Washing the hair, perspiration, sun, wind or rain causes no loss of the restored colour. Worth pounds to every man prematurely aged in appearance by white, grey, or going-grey hair.

You must look young if you are to secure the chances that lead to success in business, in public life, and in society. 'INECTO' makes you look young.

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BEST and CHEAPEST Wholesale Warehouse for Beginners, Remnants, Drapery, Readymades, Travellers Samples. Send for Catalogue free. Cochrane's Warehouse, 1, Victoria Bridge, Manchester.

BOOTS.—4s. Saved. Buy Direct from our Northampton Factory. Send postcard for catalogue. Gents', Ladies' and Children's Boots.—John Emmet, Ltd., Dept. 7, Northampton.

PILLOW CASES.—Plain cotton, superior quality, 20 by 30 ins., four for 8s. 9d. Plain linen, buttoned superior quality, 20 by 30 inches., four for 15s. 9d. Write for free Bargain List.—HUTTON'S, 195, Larne, Ireland.

MOTOR TUITION.—The British School of Motoring, Ltd., gives the highest standard of training in driving, mechanism and repairs for the lowest fees in England. Call or write for full particulars.—The British School of Motoring, 8, Coventry Street, Piccadilly Circus, W.

LEARN Dutton's 24-hour Shorthand; 3s. per month secures speed of 160 w.p.m.; specimen lesson 2d.—Dutton's College, Desk J 2, Skegness.

HARRIS Tweed, direct from Scotland, genuine handmade, hard-wearing, all wool tweed, direct from weaver to wearer, 11s. 6d. a yard; selected patterns post free.—A. Driver, 34, Alness, Ross-shire, N.B.

TWILIGHT SLEEP NURSING HOMES, LTD., Bushey Lodge, Teddington, Middlesex. Resident Physician. Write for booklet, Lady Secretary (Office 21).

ACCOUNTANCY.—Specialised Postal Coaching under the most highly qualified staff in U.K. Free Guide.—Metropolitan College (Dept. 31), St. Albans.

FISHERMEN, ANGLERS.—My 16 Irish Bait Secrets win you first-class prizes. Price 2s. 6d. the lot.—Hoult, 26B Box 19, Whitegate Drive, Blackpool.

MODEL AEROPLANES.—FLY 2 mile, circular flight. Carriage paid, 4s. Dept. J.B., Bristol Model Aeroplane Depot, Eastville, Bristol.

PRINTING.—Handbills, Memos, Billheads, Postcards, Posters, etc. Large range of samples, 2d. postage. Mead and Son, Room 60, Sandy, Bedfordshire.

MEDAL RIBBONS.—General Service and Victory. Pure Silk, on patent "Non Sew" bar, 1s. 6d., including Mons, 2s. complete, post free. Special price for quantities.—P. Berney, 35, Oxford St., London, W. 1.

PHOTOGRAPHY.—Amateur's films developed; any size, 6 ft. max 9d., 1s. 6 doz.; printing; enlargements made to any size; copying from old and faded photos, a speciality; send for price list.—The Monochrome Photo Co., Dept. J.B., 6, Snow Hill, London, E.C.

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My inexpensive Home Treatment quickly cures Lassitude, Depression, all NERVE, STOMACH, or HEART Weakness, Brain Fag, Self consciousness. Send 2 stamps for FREE BOOK and describe ailments. THOMAS IRON Dept (B) 71, Clarendon Road, Putney, London, S.W.15.

Don't risk it—accept our Free Fire Insurance offer on page 24.

"TOMMY AND JACK."

Dealing also with the Discharged Sailor and Soldier and their Dependents.

OUR PLEDGE.—"No case of hardship or injustice, no instance of beggarly treatment or mean cheeseparing shall go unchallenged and unremedied."—*Horatio Bottomley*, 10th August, 1916.

"TOMMY."

Huns and Guards:—Our Military Editor was at Catterick the other day and noted that the German prisoners looked well fed and were well clothed. Their British soldier guards were dressed like scarecrows.

"Understaffed":—In the British General Hospital at Basrah, Mesopotamia, when the last mail left, there were 138 patients, with 133 officers and 236 Indians to look after them! How the money *does* fly!!

Already Condemned.—A large number of wounded men were recently transferred to Edmonton Military Hospital, and were served out with blue suits of a style that has been condemned in similar institutions. They tell us that they are ashamed to meet their friends in such garb. As regards shirts, the position appears to be shocking.

How They Are Paid: In India, the pay of a dental officer with the rank of Captain is 327 rupees a month—while a second lieutenant of infantry, who has spent nothing on his professional education, is paid 350 rupees. The dentist has a chance of taking it out of the subaltern when he uses the forceps on him!

Damnably Unfair:—We are overwhelmed with letters from men who volunteered under the Derby scheme and were not called up until the Conscription Act was passed. Now not only are they classed as conscripts, but are refused the demobilisation concessions granted to the Derby men. This is most damnably unfair.

Out in the Cold:—Our special bobbies and others who served at home are receiving decorations, and they deserve them. But those who manned the guns and searchlights at home are not to get even a ribbon. They fought the enemy, and were fought by him repeatedly, for years; but because their scraps took place here, and not over the Channel, they are left out in the cold—which is a gross injustice. Even the Y.M.C.A. civilians who served in France are to get stars and all the rest of it—which looks to us very unfair.

"JACK."

Let Them Go:—The crew of H.M.S. *Viscol* at Gibraltar are all six months articled men (M.M.R.), and were entitled to demobilisation over a month ago. We have more than sufficient ratings to send out in relief, and hope that the Admiralty will soon wake up and give these men their due. They are wanted back by our mercantile marine.

Officers' Pay:—When the authorities recently increased the naval officer's pay, they might have gone one better. Our lieutenants of under four years' service in that rank were given a whole sixpence a day extra—which is the price of a "caulker" of ordinary bitter. Compared with officers of equal rank in the land forces, they are distinctly underpaid—the pressure being particularly felt by the married men, who have to maintain their families ashore while paying their own way afloat.

Exit "Enchantress."—So the Admiralty yacht is to disappear in the interests of economy—which is good, as the craft was used only for joy voyages when Cabinet Ministers and others made up their minds to go to sea, at the public expense. If the Admiralty has another cast round, it might find other expensive things that could be scrapped.

For Instance:—The old *Highflyer* was recently laid up at Haulbowline to be stripped for sale; and then she was taken to Devonport to be refitted for commission. The craft is over 20 years old, and lacks most of the conveniences to which a crew is entitled. Why she was not sent to "Rotten Row" to be sold for breaking up, is a mystery.

Bits from the Baltic:—The second Destroyer Flotilla in the Baltic make a moan concerning their rations, and ask us to petition Whitehall to have fresh bread—which could easily be obtainable—issued instead of biscuit. With other ships of the fleet out there, they are up against not being paid in English money, kicking about having Danish coins pressed upon them by the paymaster.

"THE SILVER BADGERS."

Secretaries of Discharged Sailors' and Soldiers' organisations, in sending cases of injustice or other information, should mark their envelopes "Silver Badgers."

A Welcome Sign:—We are glad to observe indications that the various guilds of discharged men may in the near future be fused into one powerful whole. Our Badgers are recognising the fact that single sticks are easily snapped, but that the breaking of a solid bundle is something of a job.

"Waste"!:—The Gosport and Alverstoke Urban District Council do not appear to have heeded the remarks of the Premier and others concerning economy. They advertised the other day for a male or female shorthand typist, with two testimonials, the pay to commence at £1 a week, rising by annual increments of 5s. to £1 10s. What a queue of skilled clerks must have gone after that job!

On the Cheap:—A College near Birchington advertised for ex-soldiers as houseman, cook and laundryman, the latter to wash for 40 persons and assist the houseman at other times—wages 18s. a week with board and lodgings, and a permanent job if satisfactory. We presume that not many Badgers bit at the bait.

Keep Your Dollars:—The Yank is a man who seldom blushes and is usually stocked with much cool cheek. An American officer at the Lithuanian Military Mission in Paris advertised for discharged British soldiers, offering good pay. Applicants were asked by Uncle Sam to sign on for three years for ten dollars (about £2 5s.) a month! Not even the alluring promise of "a bit more fighting"—this time for the Lithuanian Government—would induce any of our insulted ex-Tommies to swallow the bait.

For Mustapha Heroes:—Will any comrade of Corporal Sheridan, who lost his life in trying to save others at Mustapha about 18 months ago, kindly furnish us with particulars of his unit, company, and number?

Officers, Too:—A major on the Staff at Ambala, India, asked for permission to accompany his regiment to France, but was turned down because he was too valuable as a staff officer. After a period of heavy work he broke down, with the result that he was in hospital and on sick leave for 17 months. Then he was invalided out, and refused disability gratuity or pension on the ground that his disability was caused by "military duty," and not by active service!

"THE GREATEST OF THESE—"

[The object of our Fund is to relieve (a) the dependents of our Soldiers and Sailors; and (b) suffering amongst the people generally, preference being given to those, directly or indirectly, affected by the War. No genuine appeal is ever refused, and although we see to it that adequate proof is presented in every case relieved, no harassing or degrading questions are put to applicants. Will you please help? We gladly defray all expenses of administration.]

Among the cases we assisted during the week were the following:—

In Debt:—A soldier's mother has only the boy's separation allowance. She has had much illness, is unable to work, and was in debt to her landlord and others.

A Case so Common:—A soldier has his wife and children ill. The poor fellow had pawned his watch, ring and household articles.

Distressed Tommy:—A discharged soldier has no allowance, and had been prevented from working for a long time. His need was very pressing indeed.

Very Hard Lines:—A soldier is in hospital. His wife and children had been ill for some time, and he had pawned his watch and ring to provide them in necessaries.

Ill—and Threatened:—The wife of a serving soldier has three youngsters. She has been ill, was behind with her rent, and was threatened with eviction.

The Law's Delay:—A discharged man's pension has not yet been assessed. He cannot obtain work, and has a wife and several young children who were destitute.

Threatened:—The wife of a serving soldier is ill. She was behind with her rent, and was threatened by her landlord.

Poor Chap:—An ex-soldier with four young children lost his wife, who was not insured. There were other debts which he could not clear.

Very Sad:—A soldier's widow, with four young children, cannot obtain a pension, and is living with a widowed mother. They were destitute.

Very Hard:—A totally disabled soldier, with wife and four young children, is about to enter hospital, and his pension keeps his family on starvation lines.

Good Old Boy!:—A man with British fire in his veins joined to fight for us, taking many off his toll of years. He is now back, but with his helpmeet he is very ill, and was in sore distress.

A Sailor's Widow:—A merchant sailor was drowned at sea, leaving a widow and five young children. Her income is a little over £1 a week—earned by herself and little son. Before she came to us she had pawned everything of value to keep the pot boiling.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

(Active hostilities have ceased, but requests for help have grown in number and continue to grow. Please do your bit to assist us to meet these new demands, soldiers and sailors and their dependents having the first claim upon the Fund, though civilian sufferers are not forgotten. Every penny subscribed goes in relief, whilst the accounts in connection with the Fund are duly vouched by a leading firm of Chartered Accountants.)

J. F. H., 12s.; A. C. (Belfast), 10s.; W. S. (Tottenham), 1s. 6d.; M. B. (Bedford), 1s. 6d.; "The Idiot," 5s.; "A Brixton Widow's Mite," 2s.; "In Remembrance," 2s. 6d.; F. P. (Hanley), 1s.; L. W. (Leytonstone), 10s.; A. H. W., 6d.; "Widow," (Wimbledon), 1s.; "In Thankfulness," 2s. 6d.; H. W. B. (Bournemouth), 5s.; "1916 Boy in Messo," 10s.; "Mrs. Mac," (London, S.E.1), 2s. 6d.; T. M. (Shalfont), 2s. 6d.; R. A. D. (Farnham), 6s.; H. N. (Walthamstow), 2s.; "Anti Yankee Kid," 10s. 6d.; Florest Hova," 7s. 6d.; Bdr. T. M. (Liverpool), 1s.; J. C. (Birmingham), 6d.; E. J. F., 10s.; "Fat Tub," (Neotsfield), £1; "A Woman in a Hundred," £1. Church Collection, per Rev. D. F. W., £5; Mrs. A., £5; "Anti-Pussyfoot," (Scarborough), £2; Collected in JOHN BULL Editorial Offices, £3 9s. 3d.; W. D., 3s.; "Mizpah, (Ilfracombe), £1; N. G. M. (Tooting), 10s.; "S. Ealing Reader," 2s.; "Alf, Bess and Fred," 3s.; W., £1; E. O. (Pontnewynydd), 1s.; F. M. H. (Fulwell), 1s.; C. I., 6d.; M. S., 6d.; S. T., 6d.; "Control," (Percy Main), 2s. 6d.; A. E. K. (Manchester), 5s.; Mrs. V. (London, E.14), 1s.; E. V., 2s. 6d.; M. A. McC., 1s.; K. S. (Atherstone), 2s. 6d.; Postmen of Coulsdon, (per F. J. V.), 5s.; A. Y. S. (Tunbridge Wells), 10s. 6d.; Anonymous, 4s.; K. G. (South Africa), 3s.; "Pen," (Gateshead), 2s. 6d.

(Owing to pressure upon space, it is impossible to acknowledge in the columns of the paper contributions made by means of our Collecting Boxes. The holders of such boxes are, however, given official printed receipts.)

I TOOK CICFA the ONLY CURE for INDIGESTION

(In STOMACH & BOWEL).

"Now I eat whatever I desire."

"I wish all Indigestion Sufferers to know that every word I say is true."

READ THE EXPLANATION.—If you are suffering from Indigestion, whatever the cause may be, you are likely to think that a remedy which cures others may not suit your case, because you think yours is different, and your symptoms may be different; but the root causes of all cases of uncomplicated Indigestion are always the same, that is, there is not enough of the Digestive Ferments which Nature must have to digest the Albuminous food in the Stomach and also to digest the Starchy food in the Bowel.

Without these Digestive Ferments, one person will suffer with Heartburn, Wind, and Gas-rising, White Coated Tongue, Sharp Headache, Blotched Complexion, Red Nose, Flushed Face, etc.; while another will suffer from Flatulence, Bilious Symptoms, caused by obstructed Bile Circulation, Acidity with teeth on edge, and attacks of Gout and Rheumatism, and Constipation with all the misery which it causes; but whether you have some or all of these symptoms, YOU CAN BE PERFECTLY CURED ONLY BY A REMEDY WHICH CONTAINS NATURE'S DIGESTIVE FERMENTS. Without those ferments you may "happen" to get well, but with them you cannot fail to be cured, and THOSE FERMENTS ARE FOUND ONLY IN CICFA.

Mr. David realises these facts, and, having known the sufferings from Indigestion, and the joy of health, with the pleasure of eating what he pleases, he wishes all sufferers to know that Cicfa cured him and that his words are true.

Now Read Mr. David's Words.

3, Foxbam Road,
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Dear Sirs,—Some time ago I wrote to you for a sample of your indigestion cure, Cicfa. The sample gave me such instant relief that I continued by purchasing the s. 3d. tubes. I had been suffering with Indigestion for about 2½ years, and had tried several other remedies, but I found them all failures. Then I took Cicfa, and found it necessary to take only three or four tubes, and I was and am now able to eat whatever I desire. I think honestly that Cicfa is a most wonderful cure and deserves the highest praise. I always strongly recommend it to any of my friends that I find are afflicted with Indigestion. I really cannot find words to express my gratitude nor my pleasure at having found a remedy which really cures Indigestion as Cicfa has cured mine. I only hope that if you publish this letter those sufferers from Indigestion who read it will believe that every word I say is true, and will immediately take Cicfa, the only certain cure. Thanking you for my present health and for being able to enjoy life again. Yours truly,
F. L. DAVID.

16,000 BRITISH DOCTORS have taken up Cicfa. Very many of them have written us privately of the splendid results which they have obtained by its use. When thousands of British doctors are satisfied with Cicfa, you do not need a sample with which to test it. There can be no better proof. You can proceed to take it at once. Purchase from your Chemist (**all Chemists sell Cicfa at 1s. 3d. and 3s.**), **or, if there is delay, from us,** on receipt of Postal Order.

TO THE TRADE.

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8a, Duke Street, Manchester Square,
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J.B., 4/10/19

RAPHAEL TUCK AND SONS.

Sir Adolph Tuck, Bart., the chairman of the company, who presided on Sept. 23rd at the meeting of Raphael Tuck and Sons, Ltd., said that the actual sales of the company during the past financial year, which included six months of peace, were the largest on record. As to the practical removal of all import and export restrictions since the first of the month, he was entirely at one with the views held by the Government, and saw no cause for alarm. On the contrary, they had every reason to promise themselves a considerable increase in trade by the opening up of markets which had been closed for the past five years.

Postcards had more than maintained their turnover. He wished to call particular attention to the fact that they had secured the copyrights of Sir John Lavery's two historic pictures dealing with the surrender of the German navy.

Analysing the year's figures, the chairman remarked that the available net total of £62,161 permitted a total dividend for the year of 8 per cent. free of income tax, the transfer of £20,000 to reserve, and the carrying forward of £8,411.

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if you always know what you earn.

You can always know exactly how you stand if you have the "L & J Workmen's Own Time and Wages Recorder." In this simple little book you can record the time you clocked in and out, the number of hours worked per day, week, or half-year. A ready-reckoner is provided from 1d. to one shilling—also for War Bonuses. Examples are given how to work out your own wages. Write to-day for the

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1/- post free from the

"L & J" COMPANY,
86, CANNON STREET, LONDON, E.C. 4

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with massive Oak Case, 22-inch richly coloured Horn, unbreakable silent Swiss Motor, 11-in. nickelled Turntable, and extra loud Insulated Sound Box, etc. Gigantic stock of Cabinet Gramophones, Portable Hornless, and exquisitely designed Table Grands ready for immediate delivery direct from factory at pounds under shop prices. Sent ON APPROVAL, with 24 tunes and 600 needles PACKED FREE, CARRIAGE PAID. Complete satisfaction or money refunded. Write for monster Bargain Lists TO-DAY.

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SAW IT IN "JOHN BULL."

"Two years ago a Specialist stated that I COULD ONLY LIVE THREE WEEKS. My inside was full of incurable growths. One on the Liver made operation impossible. This was confirmed at several London Hospitals and Enfield Cottage Hospital. Then I saw your advertisement in "John Bull." Started taking VITADATIO, commenced improving at once, and am now quite well. VITADATIO SAVED MY LIFE."

Mrs. D. Moyers, 16a, Leighton Rd., Enfield."

VITADATIO

the Great Australian Remedy for INTERNAL GROWTHS, TUMOURS, ABSCESSES, GASTRIC ULCERS, RHEUMATISM, LIVER, KIDNEY, AND STOMACH TROUBLES.

2/6 and 5/- per bottle at Chemists and Stores, or post free from VITADATIO, LTD., Dept. J.B., 13, Park Square, Leeds.
Book of testimonials, post free.

ECZEMA KILLER

Seven Days' Medicine Free.

Burning, Itching Eczema, which almost drives you crazy, Ulcerated Legs and Ankles, with skin all purple and black, and inflamed Wounds which will not heal, are caused by acid poison in your blood. The cure is

Hood's Medicine Tablets.

These herbal Blood tablets expel the acid poison and give a lasting cure when other so-called remedies fail. Send for a week's supply, ABSOLUTELY FREE, and particulars of our "No Cure, No Pay" Offer to Hood's (Dept. J.B. 6), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London. We can promise you will not be pestered to buy.

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FURNITURE & EFFECTS.

THE SECONDHAND FURNITURE DEPOSITORY, Ltd.

will SELL the following Modern and Antique FURNITURE immediately by private sale, the contents of several Mansions, Hotels, and Private Residences, which consists of Dining Room Furniture, Bedroom and Drawing Room Furniture, Carpets, Pianos.

£100,000

500 COMPLETE BEDROOM SUITES

in satinwood, silver grey, inlaid mahogany, oak, walnut, white enamel, of all periods; inlaid bedstead, oak bedstead, large-size oak bedroom suite; most exquisite design 6ft. 6in. bow-front Sheraton design suite, complete with twin bedsteads; 6ft. 6in satinwood bedroom suite, with kneehole dressing table and washstand to match; about 500 other suites in all periods, ranging from £10 10s. to 300gns.; chests of drawers, bow-front chest, genuine old tallboy, 4ft. mahogany chest of drawers, three long and two short drawers, six 6ft. Chippendale design bedroom suites of unique design and quality.

THE DRAWING ROOMS

Contain a fine collection Buhl, Vernis Martin, Louis XVI. and XV. furniture, DUTCH, CHINESE, and MARQUETRY specimens, 200 Chesterfields and easy chairs to match in silk, tapestry and Morocco leather coverings, 6ft. Sheraton Bookcase, valuable Oil Paintings and water-colours, framed engravings by well-known artistes, old Sheffield Plate, collection of ornamental china, cut glass, etc., etc.

THE DINING ROOMS.

The dining-rooms comprise handsome sets of chairs in all periods, Chippendale, Queen Anne, Adam, Hepplewhite, etc. Most beautifully sprung Chesterfield and two luxurious lounge chairs in real leather on ball-and-claw feet, 12 Chippendale-design dining chairs and two majestic-looking carving chairs (would sell six and two), mahogany Queen Anne sideboards, dining tables, bookcase, Chesterfields (six in stock), easy chairs, well-made carved walnut-frame suite, richly upholstered in figured marcon Genoa velvet comprising double-end couch, gentleman's easy chair, lady's easy chair, and six standard chairs, a fine carved Chippendale Mahogany Sideboard with three side cupboards and three drawers, mirror back, on claw feet with Chinese figure surmounts. A grandfather's clock in dark mahogany case with brass and silvered dial, striking and Westminster chimes on silvered tubular bells. A Paby Grand Piano by Kapps. All a Bargain.

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Fine Collection of Pianos, Carpets.

French and Louis cabinets, settees, easy chairs, bronzes, clocks, English cut glass, linen, 3 safes, and a variety of household effects.

Carved oak hallstand with seat, roll-top desks, cabinets, carpets Axminster, Aubusson, Wilton, Mirzapore, and other foreign carpets, hundreds to select from: Three Canteens of Cutlery. All to be seen daily, from nine till seven (Saturdays included), at the depositories.

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JOHN BULL IN THE CITY.

FINANCIAL NOTES—AND ADVICE TO INVESTORS.

By Our City Editor.

All correspondence relating to financial matters should be addressed to the City Editor.

Each enquiry must be accompanied by a Postal Order for One Shilling.

Furness Withy Split.

All the City talks of the split in the Furness Withy group. Insiders say "buy," but outsiders lose money. There seems some big combine in the air which doesn't want Lord Furness and does want Lewis. But the report tells us nothing except that creditors have increased. Assets are so lumped together that only the accountants, and perhaps Lewis, know what's what. Bulls whisper that "in confidence" they can tell you that the fleet has been written down to 50s. a ton. Nasty people say, "Then why not say so? It is something to be proud of." But Lewis lies low, and the telephone to Liverpool is busy.

British Controlled Oilfields.

Duncan Elliott Alves must be a great man. Those who put money into Commonwealth Oil don't think so, perhaps, but those who followed him to Central America are chuckling. He waves a wand, and concessions which were a few years ago valued at £90,000 are now worth twelve millions and a half in Canadian dollars. At least, that is the capital of the new company. Edgar, of Spurlings, is now standing in with Alves, and presumably is the bright spirit who evolved the idea of British Controlled Oilfields; a fine name to match the fine capital. But up to now no one seems to know what oil has been produced. The oil papers don't give any returns. Why? Alves and Edgar should remedy that slight drawback at once. A British Controlled Oilfield ought to give tons of oil a minute, like Shell or Burmahs or Anglo-Persian. Perhaps it does, only we have not been told.

Randfontein Centrals.

At last the secret is out. For months past insiders have been picking up Randfontein Centrals. Now we are told that a thousand feet of reef going 9 dwts. has been proved. The poor shareholders ask why those in the know are allowed to skim the cream off the market.

Textiles.

A lull has come in the Textile market. The pace was too strong. But the Coats melon will be cut, and holders must hang on. James White should be ready to put his big Textile combine on the market. But perhaps he has not yet closed up the pool in Mexican Eagle.

Pocket Mines.

Mount Oxide, which is a rich pocket mine, is to amalgamate with Mount Elliott, and we are promised a rise in the shares. It seems a case of getting in quickly and getting out just as fast. Let others carry the baby; pocket mines are things to avoid.

Beware of Hampton Props.!

They say that if you keep a thing long enough it will always pay you. Some people may have hung on to Hampton Proprietary ever since it took over, in 1898, a whole crowd of properties which had been floated in the Westralian boom, and which never did any good. They have seen their shares down to 3d., and only a few weeks' ago, some bold people bid 40s. What is it all about?

Hampton Plains was formed by the Stoneham group, in 1894, to buy from the Hampton Lands (a small syndicate) freeholds, pastoral leases, etc. The group was wonderfully successful—in floating companies—and the shares ended the year 1896 at £5. But I am not aware that any of the numberless mines floated ever paid a dividend out of the gold won. As I write, the present price of Hampton Props. is about 25s., so those who paid 40s. should consult past records—and reflect.

Yet in those boom days, of which we are promised a revival such serious mining engineers as Bewick, Moreing & Co. wrote of Block 45 that it contained numerous reefs of great magnitude; and they reported on other blocks in the Hampton Plains country—"outcrops very massive" is one of the phrases used. Promotion profits were certainly "very massive," shareholders' dividends so attenuated as to be hardly discoverable at this period of time.

We read that Mr. St. John Wynne still has faith in Hampton Plains; he is liquidator of Hampton Uruguay, which took over a parcel of derelicts. I admire his optimism. We also read that the Premier of Western Australia cables that surface indications are good, and that considerable numbers of leases have been taken up. A new boom would just suit Western Australia; no one can blame its Premier for giving the district a leg-up. But investors here must not lose their heads.

I admit that the whole of Hampton Plain is a mass of reefs. I know that in most of them traces of gold can be found. But I declare—and I do know something about it—that to find a new payable mine to-day in Western Australia is like searching for a needle in a bundle of hay. The whole thing is a pure and simple gamble, and, on past results, Hampton Props. would appear to me a share to carefully avoid.

Motor Share Warning.

Those who hold motor shares should certainly get out, for though all the firms are full of orders they have divided profits up to the hilt and watered their capitals, and when the slump comes, and come it must, the reserves which would have helped over bad times will have vanished, leaving only a doubled liability in the shape of an enlarged capital.

Automatic Telephones.

Will the Postmaster-General instal the Automatic Telephone in London? It works in various towns in the North, and is said to do well. Clever people have been picking up the shares—which were put on the market at 30s., pushed to 39s., and then fell. They are a good lock-up, for whether London gets an automatic telephone or not the business of the company is developing rapidly, and is in sound hands. The last dividend was 6 per cent., but that may be increased next year.

Broken Hills.

All the broken Hill shares will go Better when the public realises that the present high price of silver has come to stop. There was some selling on Labour troubles, but curiously enough the insiders who know were picking up shares on every fall.

Coming Rhodesian Activity.

In a few weeks the Rhodesian crowd will make another dash at the market, and once again test the public. This time the story is to be told of a wild desire on the part of demobbed soldiers to buy land in Rhodesia and consequent great rise in price. All the cheap shares are to be pushed up. Chartered will, of course, lead the way. Sell on any good rise, and always take a profit. Don't be left.

English Oilfields.

Referring to our paragraph last week on English Oilfields, I am informed that the Chairman, Sir James Heath, told the shareholders at the recent meeting that they must not expect a dividend for two years. I said three or four years. I am sorry. Of course I never intended to suggest that Mr. Cornrich was in the remotest degree responsible for the oil-bearing rectory—though, as some excitement was caused at the English Oilfields meeting the conjunction was comic. My sole complaint against the company is one for which it may not be responsible, namely, the marketing of the shares at £4 and over, when no dividend can be expected for two years. Such a price seems to me a little previous. No one would be better pleased than myself if all the estimates of Dr. Forbes Leslie came out right. But I warn my readers that shale is not easy to trent.

OUR FINANCIAL LETTER BAG.

A Durham Reader.—*Graham Marsh & Co.* You lost according to the rules of the game as they play it, but the whole thing is a wicked imposition.——N. H. (Huddersfield).—*Straits Coconut:* Legally you are liable for the balance, but the shares are not worth taking up if you can avoid doing so.—A. E. G. (King's Lynn).—*Income Tax:* Your wife's income should be added to yours for assessment purposes. Better pay up; you are getting off cheaply.——W. J. F. (Sydenham).—*Certificates:* It is usual for the address of a company to be given, but it would be impracticable to include the names of all the directors.——S. W. (Staveley).—*Consolidated Welsh Mines:* I do not recommend a purchase.——J. B. C. (Birmingham).—*Channel Coast, &c., Resorts:* I am sorry to say the company has been a failure and the shares are valueless.——B. B. (Salisbury).—*Murray's River Club:* Leave it alone.——C. J. H. C. (Balcombe).—*Trinidad Silverstream:* Cannot trace what has become of it.——D. B. (Glasgow).—*General Oilfields:* I regard them as too speculative.——R. N. D. (Greenock).—*War Loan Interest:* About 10s. 6d. was due to you on July 1. The local P. O. will help you to get it.——E. H. C. (Lichfield).—*East Riding Club:* Much too old to trace, but if there had been anything for the shareholders you would certainly have heard.——T. M. G. (Doncaster).—*Newcastle Electric Supply:* Quite a good speculative investment. I do not know the other company mentioned.——G. O. (Herne Hill).—*Indestructible Tyre:* Disappeared long ago, and I cannot trace what became of it.——A. E. G. (Swindon).—*Paris Obligations:* Take your profit if you like, but I think you should hold. It is impossible to say when the exchange will right itself, but I think it will take a year or two, at least. I am afraid your other suggestions are not practicable.——Cordoba (Bovey Tracey).—*Cordoba Copper:* A fair gamble, no more. E. L. F. (Finsbury Park).—*Grand Trunk Guaranteed:* I am decidedly of opinion that you should hold on.——F. E. (Hastings).—*Endowment Policy:* I would prefer the Guardian.——J. F. H. (Chittlehampton).—*Klian Kellas* and *Fanti Mines* are the best; I do not recommend any of the others.——Corporal J. B. M. (B.E.F.).—*Francs:* At one time, I believe, there was a fixed rate, but I think now you are entitled to approximately the current value. It would not be practicable to follow all the fluctuations.——G. G. (Tunbridge Wells).—Hold *Geduld's*; *Chartereds* have great possibilities, but much depends on Government settlement. *Straits Bertam* and *Dolbks* are sound concerns, but if you have a big profit, take it.

ONE PENNY. *EVERY WEDNESDAY*

The New Commonwealth

THIS paper is something more than a mere money-making news venture. We, the founders, are a band of Citizens, lovers of our country, but angry to desperation at the selfish tactics of the many Vested Interests. Such Interests are not to be confused with the necessity of Capital to the Community, whether Labour is the Governing Power or otherwise.

At the same time, we see no hope in the application of Tyranny as a remedy, whether it takes the shape of Capital Domination, Direct Action, Revolution, or Mob Rule.

Read the "NEW COMMONWEALTH" (ONE PENNY Weekly) and then help us to Organise a National Union of Citizens to tackle the many Vested Interests which block the entrance to the Land of Promise—i.e., the happy social and national conditions for which we have fought and sacrificed so much.

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THE BREAKING POINT.

Work is sometimes a very good medicine, but the average breadwinner or wife at home does not require work as a prescription. There are thousands to-day who are on the verge of a breakdown because of overwork. In many cases their condition has been brought on by the necessity of keeping at work when they should have been in bed. This is especially true of many whose systems have been weakened by influenza, and who were unable to rest sufficiently during recovery.

It is these people who are suffering to-day from general debility. They are easily fatigued, food has no attraction for them and when eaten only causes distress. Other symptoms are palpitation of the heart, nervousness, frequent headaches and a general feeling of exhaustion.

The proper treatment in such cases is a tonic that will improve and increase the supply of blood, such as Dr. Williams' pink pills. The new healthy blood which these pills create carries nourishment to every part of the body, so building up and refreshing the whole system. In this natural way the bloodless young woman is helped on to an active, healthy life, the worried breadwinner with exhausted nerves is made fit for work, and the wife at home finds new strength for her duties.

You can begin to get well now, for Dr. Williams' pink pills are to be obtained of most dealers.

FREE.—"Nerves and Their Needs" is a little book that will help you to avoid nerve troubles. Send a postcard for it to Post Dept., 36, Fitzroy Square, London, W.1.—(Advt.)

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NEURASTHENIA, DEBILITY, THINNESS

In nervous debility sufferers are always in a "run-down" condition, full of gloomy thoughts cannot concentrate their mind on their work; sleeplessness, headache, giddiness, bad temper, palpitation of the heart, are other symptoms. Neurasthenia is also induced by repeated colds, influenza, anæmia, tuberculosis, malaria, etc. Neurasthenia will cause loss of flesh. Consult No. 89, "Health News," price 2d., for information on the Home Treatment of Heart Troubles.

READ THIS. IT SPEAKS FOR ITSELF!—

"Dunkirk, July 30, 1919

"Dear Sir,—I have used your prescription 470 at intervals during the whole of the campaign in France and Flanders, when Transport Officer to an Infantry Battalion in the Line, under service and weather conditions that knocked up many a younger man. I am over fifty, and have seen the whole show through, mostly, I think, due to the excellent tonic properties of your prescription. "Yours faithfully, Lieut. ——

BRAIN AND NERVE TONIC (Prescription 470.)

VALUE OF INGREDIENTS.
PHOSPHORUS. Constituent of the brain. Invigorates brain workers.
NUX VOMICA. Increases Energy.

MENTAL DEPRESSION, LOSS OF MEMORY, DEBILITY.
Phosphorus .. .. 1-100th gr. | *Damiana* .. .. .. 2 grs.
Nux Vomica .. .. 1-6th gr. | *Lecithin* .. .. .. 1 gr.
Price 2/- (50), 3/9 (100 tablets).
THIS PRESCRIPTION WILL DO THE SAME FOR YOU. IT ACTS LIKE MAGIC.

VALUE OF INGREDIENTS.
DIAMIANA. Cerebro-Spinal Tonic.
LECITHIN. Natural Glycerophosphate. Used in ailments arising from defective nutrition.

THIS HEART-TONIC PRESCRIPTION PREVENTS LOSS OF NERVES.

VALUE OF INGREDIENTS.
NUX VOMICA. Increases Energy.
DIGITALIS. Steadies the action of the heart.

HEART TONIC (Prescription 632.)
PREVENTS PALPITATION, TREMBLING LIMBS, STOPS YOU FALLING TO PIECES AND FEELING FUNKY.
Nux Vomica Ex. ..1-10th gr. | *Gentian Extract* .. 1 gr.
Digitalis .. .. 1 gr. | *Incadulcis Extract* .. 1 gr.
Price 2/6 (72), 4/6 (144 pills), with directions.
CAN BE TAKEN ALTERNATELY WITH THE BRAIN AND NERVE TONIC.

VALUE OF INGREDIENTS.
GENTIAN. Tones the Stomach.
DANDELION. Stimulates the kidneys.

A WORLD-FAMED NERVE AND FLESH-FORMING PRESCRIPTION.

VALUE OF INGREDIENTS.
HYPOPHOSPHITES. Feed the Nerves.
CASEIN. Helps to Form Flesh.

NERVE & FLESH-FORMING TONIC
(Prescription 552.)
Thinness, Nervousness, Anæmia.
Zinc Phosphide .. 1-20th gr. | *Soda Hypophosphite* 1-10th gr.
Calcium Hypophosphite 1-12th gr. | *Casein* .. .. 1-12th gr.
Lecithin .. .. 1-5th gr. | *Potassium Hypophosphite* 1-10th gr.
Price 2/6 (72), 4/6 (144), 12/- (432 tablets).

VALUE OF INGREDIENTS.
ZINC PHOSPHIDE. Cerebro Spinal Tonic.
LECITHIN. Natural Glycerophosphate. Used in ailments arising from defective nutrition.

NERVOUS EXCITABILITY, SLEEPLESSNESS, NEURALGIA. (Prescription 32.)
(A Sedative and Pain Killer.)
Better than Alcohol, Sulphonal, Veronal, or German Drugs. Does not form the drug habit. Purely herbal.
Skullcap, Gentian, Valerian, Asafetida, Lupuline.
Price 2/6 (60), 4/6 (100 pills).

SKIN AND BEAUTY TONIC.
SALLOW COMPLEXION, BLACKHEADS, PIMPLES, DULL EYES. (Prescription 442.)
Charcoal, Dried Sulph. Iron, Calcium Sulphide, Nux Vomica, Gentian.
Price 1/6 (72), 3/3 (144), 9/- (432). Consult Pamphlet No. 82. Price 2d. Also use ACNE AND PIMPLE SOAP (Prescription No. 1414). Price 1/3.

For Sufferers of Nasal, Bronchial, and Intestinal Catarrh, Sore Nose & Throat.

VALUE OF INGREDIENTS.
PAREGORIC. Soothes the Chest. Checks Coughing.
LICORICE. Loosens phlegm and relieves breathing.

HUSKINESS, COUGH, TIGHTNESS OF THE CHEST. (Prescription 331.)
PAREGORIC ELIXIR 1 teaspoonful | *LICORICE EXTRACT* 2 grains
PINE TAR .. .. 1 grain | *CREOSOTE* .. .. 1 drop
Price 1/6 (50), 2/3 (100), 9/- (300 pills).

VALUE OF INGREDIENTS.
PINE TAR. Antiseptic and tonic to chest.
CREOSOTE. A chest antiseptic with anti-tubercular properties.

ANTI-TUBERCULAR LUNG TONIC. (Prescription 228.)
Cascara, Cinnamon, Bone Marrow, Lecithin, Phosphorus, and Iodine.
Not sold as a consumptive cure, but, nevertheless, useful in combating lung weakness.
Price 1/9 (50), 3/3 (100 tablets).

HÆMORRHOIDS, CONSTIPATION, SLUGGISH LIVER, AND ATONIC DYSPEPSIA. (Prescription 394.)
Cascara, Nux Vomica, Hypophosphites, and Gentian.
Price 2/6 (72), 4/6 (144).

PAINS IN LIMBS AND JOINTS, STIFFNESS, SWOLLEN TOES AND FINGERS.
Colchicum, Blue Pill, Comp. Rhubarb Pill, Hyoscyamus, Methylene Blue. (Prescription 74.)
Useful in Rheumatic Gout, Sciatica, and certain forms of Arthritis. Price 1/9 (50), 2/3 (100).

EXCESSIVE STOUTNESS, FLABBY LIMBS, BIG STOMACH. (Prescription 576.)
(A successful treatment.)
Extract of Bearweed, Potassium Iodide, Thyroid Gland, &c.
Price 2/6 (72), 4/6 (144).
In addition take a tablespoonful of Marienbad salt (Formula 616) before breakfast, and massage with Orgall Soap (Formula 966) in a hot water bath twice or thrice weekly. (These articles cost 1/3 each.)

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COUGHS, COLDS, SORE CHEST, SHORTNESS OF BREATH. (Prescription 617.)
Squills, Ipecacuanha, Antimony, Menthol, Peppermint, Cloves, etc.
Makes two pints of Lung Tonic. With directions. Price 2/6.

BACKACHE, RHEUMATISM, SCIATICA, MYALGIA, TRENCH RHEUMATISM. (Prescription 46.)
Potassium Nitrate, Colchicum, Methylene Blue, Buchu, Venice Turpentine, Bourberry, Copaiba, Juniper Oil, Cupaiba.
Excellent remedy for Backache, Sciatica, etc.
Price 1/9 (50), 3/3 (100).

GASTRITIS, ACIDITY, NERVOUS DYSPEPSIA. (Prescription 784T.)
Bismuth Carbonate, Sodium Bicarbonate, Rhubarb, Nux Vomica, Compound Cinnamon Powder.
Non-purgative, tonic, soothing. Known as the Wonderful Tablets. Price 2/6 (72), 4/6 (144).

ASTHMA. (Prescription 816.)
Stramonium, Camphor, Squill, etc.
Relieves the spasmodic cough and shortness of breath. Can be used in conjunction with other remedies.
Price 2/6 (72), 4/6 (144 pills).

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"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[The EDITOR replies to, and chats with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

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LETTERS *must be addressed to the Editor or Publishers, 93, Long Acre, W.C.2, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters.* FINANCIAL, INSURANCE, *or* LEGAL *enquiries should be addressed to the Financial, Insurance, or Legal Editor, and must each be accompanied by a postal order for one shilling. No fee is charged in respect of other enquiries. Full names and addresses should be given.*

J. D. (Wandsworth).—We accept your statement that where it has been attempted, Prohibition "plays havoc with public morals." And private ones too, we suspect.

"CONSTANT READER" (Manor Park).—The "grand old lady" living near the Crystal Palace, who waves to "the boys" as they pass, and thanks them by means of a placard in her window, will be glad to know that her kindness is appreciated.

T. C. (North Curry).—So you think we should "keep our naval construction going," and "unite ourselves with Japan with all our strength." Thanks for mentioning it.

J. L. (Lanarkshire).—Glasgow P.O. turned you down for a job because you are 5 ft. 3 in., the rule sticking out for 5 ft. 4 in. It's sinful that a man tall enough to shoulder a rifle is too short to shoulder a post-bag.

J. J. (Leeds).—Concerning the *Deutschland*, "we cannot believe you are going to have your bust made out of German metal." Our motto is:—Bust anything German.

A. W. (Reading).—"I know you are all out for England, so am I; and to Hell with those who are against Her!" Hear, hear! And the bottom-most Hell, too, please.

J. B. (Transvaal).—We see no prospect of any reform in the Divorce Laws being carried in the present Parliament.

A. J. B. (Rotherham).—Our sympathy goes to the one-man trader—*i.e.*, employing no assistants—ordered to close early. But any protest we printed has always been kicked against by small traders anxious to close. It ought to be a matter of local licences for special cases of hardship.

"SEAMAN" (Chatham) says he was marched two miles through the streets "dressed in a white duck suit with broad arrows," before being sentenced as a deserter from H.M. Navy. This is the sort of naval exhibition he naturally objects to.

F. S. (Goodmayes).—All retired Cabinet Ministers are not entitled to a pension. A claim can be made only for "poverty" reasons to a pension vacant. John Burns has never drawn a retiring pension of £2,500, or any other sum.

"HARDUP" (Rhondda).—If your 10s. Treasury note, though frayed, still bears the number, it should be quite good. Get somebody to pay it into a bank, and realise that way.

R. J. P. (Ealing).—You cut a fine figure as John Bull. As for the ladies around you—well, they cut four fine figures.

J. S. M. (Beechgrove).—The "Man without a Name" is an actual case.

M. H. B. (Pembroke).—We have had great pleasure in handing your donation of £2 to the heroine of the article, "A Tragedy of Want." Thanks, also, for you appreciative letter.

"1914 Ass" (Highbury). We can hardly object to policemen riding free on trams and buses while on duty, but if they stand in people's way they should be politely told of it.

F. T. (Lewes).—Glad you agree with us. Until we receive your letter, we could not, of course, be quite sure.

E. D. H. (Barnes).—We agree that the whole basis of the income-tax requires careful revision, especially from the point of view of people living on small incomes which are frequently the result of thrift and self-denial in early years.

Miss B. S. (Wadhurst) and a friend went into a local confectioner's, and were charged 3d. each for four penny buns eaten in the shop. The local Anti-profiteering Committee will perhaps note.

B. P. (Billericay).—In the words of the poet, "Christians have burned each other, quite persuaded, That all the Apostles would have done as they did."

W. S. (London).—We doubt whether the new Act can be applied to the tricks of house and flat profiteers. It applies, however, to scores of things besides food.

"HANDSOME" (Shepherd's Bush).—Are we to understand you didn't like your job, and so you sacked the Automobile Association and Motor Union on the spot?

J. M. (Liverpool).—A controversy between two Unions is a delicate matter to advise upon. Let's put it like this: Stick to the house you are in until convinced it is the wrong house. Then move next door.

"LATE LT." (Cardiff).—"Wanted, a demobilised man, abstainer, non-smoker, to do housework and plain cooking. £50." What they want is a cook-general in petticoats, but can't get her for the money.

"VIATOR" (London).—From the first we have contended that the present fares by tram, bus, and train are an imposition and a scandal.

"THE OWL IN THE DESERT."—Always pleased to hear your hoot, but could wish it a little less roopy.

H. T. M. (Horfield).—"Following the idea of Premium Bonds, why not have Premium Taxes?" You think it would "popularise the Income Tax." Nothing could do that, stupendous staggerer as your notion is.

H. N. E. (West Bromwich).—Readers are hereby reminded that postcards require a penny stamp. Even when sent in reply to adverts. in JOHN BULL, a parsimonious P. M. G. allows no half price.

H. M. E. K. (Kensington).—What do you mean by saying "cloth is so dear, and the majority of officers quite the reverse"? Some that we know are described by the ladies as "perfect darlings."

A. W. (Winston).—If there is any point to your letter, you should have underlined it in red ink.

W. H. P. (Scunthorpe).—Nice game the landlord never having any change. You should have taken it out in beer.

F. L. (Hemel Hempstead).—Fourteen days is short notice to allotment holders. But houses are houses—when built—and that seems the only excuse for a step so sudden.

"HINCKY" (Torrington).—"Of course you will receive more milk now that the lunatic daylight saving term is ending." You seem to suggest that Mrs. Cow has been on partial strike because we've stopped some of her natural sleep.

"DISCHARGED SOLDIER" (Long Marston).—"Could you satisfy my curiosity as to why married men are not wanted in the Warwick and Worcester Police Forces?" Perhaps they have no reasons; only excuses.

"RONNIE" (Barnsley).—Why not report him? A false balance is abomination to the Lord, but a just weight is His delight.

C. H. L. (Thornton Heath).—An Oxford Street firm advertises "up to 7s. each" for false teeth on vulcanite. Their offer for new ones was a penny each for back teeth and twopence for front ones. If your dog wasn't muzzled he might lend them a double set of real ones for nothing.

E. B. (Exeter).—You are the second "Derby Winner," out of four, who tells us that the "Sporting Standard" has not paid the £12 10s. due to each for spotting the first three. Didn't you see our paragraph about the first complainant?

"IRISH YANKEE" (Cathays).—"England has had its best days. It's bankrupted now financially and every other way." If you believe that, you'll believe anything.

"DOMESTICS" (Devizes).—Hard to see what we can do "in the way of helping domestic servants." Would you like us to tell your fortunes?

J. T. (Bargoed).—Please do not send us any more funny stories. After reading the last one our staff took a week to settle down.

W. R. W. (Richborough).—The papers you promised are not yet to hand. We shall be all in a flutter till they arrive.

MARY E. B. (Brighton) says that we "can bet our last penny there'll be another war on before we are much older." Stake too high. No bet.

"WAAC" (Rouen).—"Before we are demobbed, is the Government prepared to guarantee us employment at home?" The answer is unfortunately in the negative.

J. M. (Amesbury).—"John Bull will have his good old English beer." Also his good old Scotch whisky, when he can afford it.

G. B. (Balham).—"A gent. ordered at lunch dam'son and custard pudding. 'Dam. an' cus.' called the waitress to the kitchen." Must say the lady cussed hard.

R. G. (Creetown).—"There is plenty of delicious fruit here but no sugar." What's up? Surely Kirkcudbrightshire gets its share?

"A DOMESTIC WORKER."—Why growl because an advertiser offers a servant a "comfortable home, with amiable people, and reasonable human treatment?" If they offered discomfort, nagging, and unreasonable, inhuman treatment, even then you wouldn't be pleased.

MRS. W. (East Ham).—Will any soldier who helped to bury Corporal Wing, October, 1917, France, please write to us?

"SERGT.-INSTR." (Hythe).—Afraid we cannot assist you to "stop the gentleman's career," although, if you think fit, you may tell him that he is within the orbit of our eagle eye.

MRS. M. S. L. (Peckham Rye).—We note that you take JOHN BULL every week, "although you go to sea with your husband." Such little additional comforts make all the difference, don't they?

H. H. T. (Stratford).—We cannot possibly say whether your verses would please Mr. Herman Darewski. Personally we found them a trifle gamey.

W. W. F. (Upton Park).—A tradesman who wrapped up our purchase in a dirty bit of German newspaper wouldn't get a second order from us, unless it was the order of the boot.

A. B. (Bolton).—"Have we to sit still and say nothing?" Not necessarily; you are at liberty, if you so choose, to stand on your head and warble.

W. E. S. (Clapham Junction).—We deprecate the suggestion that the popularity of lady chauffeurs is due to their being so fast.

"PAT" (Mediterranean Expeditionary Force).—So you think that the tracking down of Bolshevik agitators should be "special work for special detectives." What would you say if you heard that Scotland Yard had had the same brilliant inspiration?

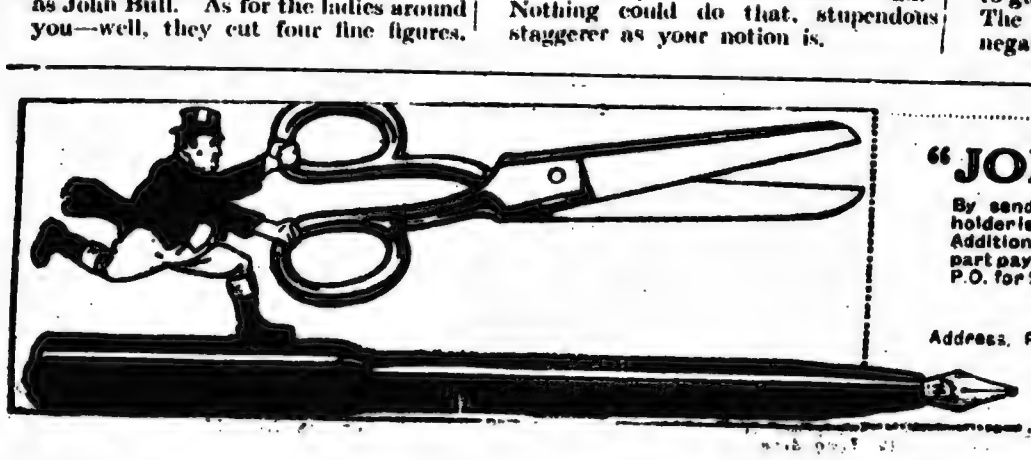
"TAFFY" (Beaumaris).—"You have to pay for justice." Yes, justice makes you pay, either in money or time.

PTE. A. S. (Sidcup) denies the statement of one of the papers that soldiers in hospital blue were given the best positions in the Chelsea-Sunderland football match at Stamford Bridge.

E. D. A. (Lewisham).—"The Postmaster-General will not employ any new men in the postal service unless they have served at least 3 years in the Army." And, on the whole, the right thing, too.

"VITTORIO" (Italy).—"Franz and Bill went out to kill, And rule all land and water," etc. If that poem has only just got to Italy, it must have made a long stop for refreshments.

MRS. S. (Barnsley).—Sit tight in your wigwam, and don't be frightened. They can't turn you out without a Magistrate's Order.



CUT IT CUT!

"JOHN BULL" Pen Coupon. Value 2d.

By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 3s. and 1½d. stamps for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a "John Bull" Gold Nibbed Fountain Pen, STANDARD MODEL. Additional Coupons up to 6 from "John Bull" from this date may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 2d. off the price. Thus, you may send 7 coupons, and P.O. for 2s. only, and 1½d. stamps for postage.

DE LUXE MODEL, 1s. Extra.

Address, Pen Dept., JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (Oct. 4th, 1919.)

P.O.s should be made payable to John Bull, Ltd., and crossed & Co.

N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib.

Letter Bag—Continued.

C. P. (Maida Vale).—Your sweet little article, "Who gets the sugar?" duly to hand. Did you write it yourself or did the missus help you?

F. R. S. (Luton).—As we recall it, the Limerick runs: "There was an old woman of Churston, Who thought her third husband the worst 'un; For he justly was reckoned, Far worse than the second, While the second was worse than the first 'un."

"ENTERPRISE" (London, N.W.).—"I saw a very true remark in your last issue." Thanks, but you needn't sound startled.

"B. A., TRIN. COLL." (Geneva).—"There is no proof about Euclid's postulate concerning parallel straight lines." Your quarrel is not with us, but with Euclid, to whom please write. We do not know his present address.

L. G (Yacht *Margherita*).—"Could you oblige us please with the first and second largest railway stations in London?" Sorry; can't spare them.

G. B. AND G. B. (Birmingham).—Very nice of that advertiser to say, "Man demobilised not objected to." They'd be lucky to get one. Fancy you both being "G. B."! Guess it means "Good Boy" twice.

MRS. E. G. HICKS (148a, Elston Avenue, Benoni, S. A.) will be glad of any authentic news concerning her son, Signaller F. C. Hicks, No. 45471, 12th Platoon, C. Co., 10th Worcesters, wounded and reported missing France, 8th June, 1918.

"LONDONDERRY" (Ireland).—Canting advertisers who quote Biblical texts as aids to business are certainly objectionable, but Adams & Co., of Coleraine and Portrush, may reply that "Is it Nothing to you, all ye that Pass By?" is not a Biblical text.

H. J. P. (Richmond).—We don't like that doctor who refused a call because "he did not attend to street accidents." Most medical practitioners do not measure out when, how, or why they shall, or shall not, do good. They just go and do it.

"VANDY" (Torquay).—We should think most of the dealers ought to have used up their pre-war stocks of Bavarian postcards by now. Perhaps Comrade Lansbury will buy up what's left.

MRS. A. B. (Horsham).—Have you only just found out that the tradesmen who require the closest watching on week-days are those that make themselves most conspicuous by punching the Bible on Sundays?

"SILVER BADGE" (North Kensington).—Thanks for "the latest from Brentford." Let's hear from you again next time you've got a lively one.

F. P. (Jersey).—Cannot discuss such abstruse questions. We prefer to leave 'em at the old wheeze, "What is mind? No matter. What is matter? Never mind."

"CROMER" (Cromer).—As you say, "Good beer and plenty of it for men; milk for the kiddies and invalids."

T. T. (St. Helens).—If, as you say, it was through an invention of yours that so many German submarines were put out of action, you deserve to be treated by the Admiralty without positive rudeness.

CAPT. E. A. L. (Farnham).—Your little book, "Some Impressions of the Work of the British Red Cross in France," much appreciated.

"BULJON" (Newcastle).—"I am writing to you as I feel." Good. And we feel as we write.

E. E. B. (Lancaster).—We note that you would like us to "put in a word or two about German pork butchers," but we fear the words that would please you mightn't look well in print.

N. E. N. (Southend).—"I bought a piece of meat and had it cooked and it tasted horrible." We must have had a cut or two from the same roast.

MR. J. H. (Lincoln).—"Though I have not written to you lately I am still watching the progress of this country." It's a relief to hear it, and we shall sleep in peace now. What of the night, watchman, what of the night?

E. S. (Nottingham).—We note that you were awarded the Out-of-Work Donation "after soul-searching inquiry." Did you have to show your birth-marks?

A. S. (Detroit).—Sgt. John C. Murray, of the American 23rd Division, while endeavouring to pack what he is pleased to call his brains at the School of Economics, London University, at the same time villifies us in the columns of the Detroit *Daily News*. Quite Yankee, quite Yankee, you know.

E. C. (Gloucester) strongly objects to Land Army girls parading the streets of Ross (Hereford) with cadging appliances for the "Good Cause"—comforts, to wit.

"PORT TALBOT" (Scarboro').—"Scarborough deserves another bombardment for selling German-printed postcards." What do you think you deserve for buying them?

THE UNIVERSAL TRADING CO. (51, Oldhall Street, Liverpool), manufacturers of paper clips, desire it to be known that they are in no way connected with the concern of the same name carrying on business at Cornwallis Road, London, N., whose "simulation gold watches," and other devices for parting fools from their money, we have frequently criticised.

H. P. (Catford).—The blotting-paper holder may be all right, but what's anybody want to carry blotting-paper on his wrist for? Might as well carry a pocket wallet round his neck.

CPL. D. (Mesopotamia).—"Our lives are being ruined. Our jobs have gone to pot. Our loved ones go on waiting, While we stop here and rot. The war is won and over, We're longing to depart. You have not ships to take us, So you leave us in the cart." The War Minister will please note.

"STRIKER" (Clyde).—Very likely. But supposing *everybody* were to strike, there would be nothing for anybody to eat and nothing for anybody to wear. The right isn't all on one side or all in one direction, remember.

"EX-SERGEANT" (Paddington).—38s. a week for three empty rooms, and the door slammed in your face by the "lady"—one who lives in Notting Hill and calls it North Kensington. You get her measure in that.

"BEETLE" (Baron's Court).—"May I present you and your readers with a tongue-twister?" We refuse to inflict it on our readers. Besides, they would prefer a tongue-moistener.

"ONE OF THE ROBBERS" (Sheffield).—We admire you sincerely for refusing the large sums of money offered by prospective tenants, but you are far too modest in thinking that the larger percentage of house agents are like you. We should rather think you were unique. Look after your health; we shouldn't like to lose you.

H. W. (Ilford).—"What are you doing to stop robbery in high places? From Ilford to Stratford, tram-fare, 3d.—just double." Which is the high place, Ilford or Stratford? Or do you mean you were on top?

(Many replies are unavoidably held over.)

LAME PIGS Walked

after having Karswood Pig Powders.

Heskin Green, Nr. Chorley.

I bought six pigs last April. Three of them were very ill, and they could not get up for being lame. I started using Karswood Pig Powders, and I was not long before I saw an improvement in them, for which I have nothing to thank but Karswood Pig Powders. I should have lost all three otherwise. The other three pigs are a show, and neighbours and other pig-keepers come to see them and want to know what I give them, and they all say they are a lot bigger and fatter than their own pigs.

I have had the pigs now about 19 weeks, and I think if I were to kill them they would be about 20 lbs. each. I have never known anything like Karswood Pig Powders for keeping pigs healthy and always ready for their meat. I have used other pig powders before, but never had pigs to thrive and look as well as all the six pigs do now, so you may make what use you like of this, for as long as I can get your Karswood Pig Powders I shall never use any other. The pigs are here for anyone to look at. SETH BAXENDALE.

September 1, 1919.

SIZES AND PRICES.

Karswood Pig Powders are sold at the following prices by 5,000 dealers; or from Karswood direct post paid:—

12 Powders, **1/-**; **72** Powders, **5/6**; **144** Powders, **10/6**. Bulk Tins, **21/-** (**320** penny powders). Measuring scoop free in each bulk tin.

KARSWOOD, 666, Deansgate Arcade, MANCHESTER.

DEBENHAM, STORR & SONS, Ltd.

PUBLIC SALES almost daily throughout the year, in two spacious rooms, of Diamond Ornaments, Rubies, Pearls, expensive Watches, Antique and Modern Plate, Miniatures, Medals, Furniture, Guns, Pictures, Lace, Furs and Miscellaneous Effects.

Special attention given to the Sale of Jewellery and Silver by order of Solicitors, Executors, Administrators and Receivers in Bankruptcy.

Valuations of Trade Stocks for probate or Division Arbitrations. Special terms for Inventories and Valuations for Insurance and Burglar Policies.

26, King St., Covent Garden, London.

Grams "Viewing, London." 'Phone—2289 Gerrard.

"A Pine-Forest in Every Home."

PEPS

October, with its chilly nights and mornings, is full of throat and chest perils. Sudden changes of temperature mean Autumn Coughs, Colds and Chills, and therefore it is a wise plan to be prepared by keeping Peps always handy.

The Peps medicine acts like the curative pine forest air of Switzerland. It is *breathed* in as a Peps tablet dissolves in the mouth, and thus reaches *direct* every part of the throat and chest.

Peps not only hold Coughs, Colds and Bronchitis at bay, but they keep the throat and lungs free from disease.

1/3 or 3/- *Of all Chemists and Drug Stores.*

THE DIRECT BREATHEABLE REMEDY FOR

COUGHS, COLDS & BRONCHITIS.

BEDSTEADS! BEDDING!

WHY PAY SHOP PRICES?

Newest patterns in Metal and Wood, Bedding, Wire Mattresses, Cots, etc. All goods sent direct from Factory to Home **IN PERFECTLY NEW CONDITION.** Send postcard to-day for Illustrated Price List (post free). I allow **DISCOUNT FOR CASH** or supply goods payable in Monthly Instalments. Established 28 years. **CHARLES RILEY, Dept 16, Moor Street, BIRMINGHAM.** Please mention "John Bull" when writing for Lists.

BEACON OILSKINS

will keep you dry always. Men's Coats from 21/-, Ladies' from 28/6, Children's from 16/6 (2 year-old size). Adults' Sou'-westers, 3/-, Long Leggings, 5/6—all guaranteed against stickiness, leakage or dissatisfaction on money-back methods.

Illustrated List Post Free. Send Post Card now for this Art Booklet of "Weather Comfort" to

BARBOUR'S, LTD.,

67, Beacon Buildings, SOUTH SHIELDS, England.

THE GREAT BRAIN FOOD

BRAININE

The Only Cure for Brain Fag.

It is a great vitaliser. It builds up, through the brain, the whole nerve system. It makes work a pleasure. It

Solves the Drug Problem.

It is free from strychnine or any poisonous ingredient. It is no quack preparation. It is made up from the prescription of a great Brain Specialist. It is

Strongly recommended by Mr. Horatio Bottomley, M.P.

It is sold in tubes at **1/3** and **3/-**

To be obtained at the Army and Navy Stores, Boots, and all leading Chemists; or direct, post free, from—

BRAININE 35, Buckingham Gate, LONDON, S.W.1

WHY LOOK OLD?

GREY HAIR RESTORED IN 3 WEEKS

Dandruff Cured in 7 Days.

A Remedy Guaranteed Without Dyes. The effect is natural; the hair gradually becomes its natural shade until the true colour of youthful days is attained. The shade remains so, and keeps the same year after year. To prove its worth, a trial treatment, with a cake of medicated soap to prevent greyness, is sent privately for 3d. postage.—P. LIND, Ltd., Chemists, 643, Clyde House, 489a, Oxford Street, London, W.

TEST IT FREE.

THE "JOHN BULL" GUARANTEE.

We guarantee the goods advertised by every firm whose trade announcement appears in JOHN BULL, *i.e., we hold ourselves responsible for their being of the quality and standard represented at the time of purchase and the date of payment, either in full or of first instalment, and if any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with the purchase of any goods made through any trade advertisement in our columns, we will refund the purchase money, provided the goods complained of are sent to us within one week from the date of original purchase. All communications should be addressed to* JOHN BULL, *Advertisement Department, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.*

'BULLETS'

BIGGEST PRIZES £250

1ST PRIZE £250 — 2ND PRIZE £20 — 3RD PRIZE £10 — 1ST PRIZE

10 PRIZES OF £5	10 PRIZES OF £2 10	25 PRIZES OF 10s.	200 PRIZES OF 5s.	1,000 PRIZES OF 2s. 6d.	3,000 "TARGET" PRIZES.

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

First choose any of the Thirty examples given below. Then give **TWO, THREE** or **FOUR** words having some bearing on the examples chosen. Any **ONE** of the words selected must begin with **ANY** letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letters in the alphabet. These examples will guide you:—Example:—POSTPONED. Bullet:—WISH ALL STRIKES WERE. Example:—MOST PAINFUL WHEN TOMMIES REFUSED EMPLOYMENT. Competitors may send in two BULLETS for sixpence. If more coupons are used an entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent. Result of this Competition will be found in our issue dated Oct. 25th.

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 349

WAKE UP ENGLAND
WONDERFUL CHAP
A FRESH START
AWKWARD SITUATION
BROUGHT TO BOOK
OUT OF OFFICE
WINNING A THOUSAND
ALL CORRECT
SHOUTING THE ODDS
STANDING BY
BOLTING THE DOOR
BECOMING UNSTUCK
STRIKE PAY
PICKING AND CHOOSING
TAKING GIRL
POSTPONED
NOW TO LET
HER SMILE
LEADING THE ATTACK
TOMMY'S BIT
STOPPING TO THINK
HOLDING HER OWN
UNEXPECTED
HITTING OUT
THE NEW TRIBUNAL
LESSON IN ECONOMY
MORE MONEY
MOST PAINFUL WHEN
GOING TO POT
WITHOUT DISCRETION

No. _____ Closing Date, Thursday, October 9th

Example _____

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(349) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. Address _____

If 2 coupon is used P.O. for 6d. must be sent.

☞ IF UNABLE TO SECURE EXTRA COUPONS YOU CAN WRITE YOUR "BULLETS" ON PLAIN PAPER.

No. _____ Closing Date, Thursday, October 9th.

Example _____

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(349) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. Address _____

If 2 coupons are used P.O. for 1/- must be sent.

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS" No 349. "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2

Selection of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 350.

TAKING NOTICE—MY FANCY—NO WONDER—IRISH POLICEMAN—LEAVING ENGLAND—SACK THE LOT—PLAIN SPEAKING—UNASHAMED—A FALSE START—SOMETIMES—FINGER IN PIE—BOTTOMLEY WOULD LIKE—LABOUR AGITATORS—GERMAN TRAVELLERS—WORK AND PAY—UNDER THE HAMMER—NOBODY BELIEVES—PETTICOAT INFLUENCE—MORE THAN ENOUGH—KNOWING TOO MUCH.

These examples can be made use of on the coupons above, and must reach us on or before **THURSDAY, Oct. 16th.** All coupons so used **MUST** be clearly marked with the number **350** in the top left-hand corner and envelopes containing these coupons must be addressed "Bullets" **No. 350,** "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Such coupons must not contain any of the Thirty examples for Competition **349.**

BULLETS RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.
2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.
3. Both coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a postal order for 6d. made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons. Coupons must not be defaced in any manner.
4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned to their respective senders.
5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.
6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Miss K. Berry, 9, Hartfield Cres., Wimbledon: Without A Grumble—Army, If Pledges Kept.

Mr. R. A. Staines, 108, Ophir Rd., Portsmouth: Bottomley's Work—Keeping England's Feet Warm.

Mr. F. Smith, 69, Francis St., Thornaby-on-Tees: Ought To Be Shot—Authorities With "Bandaged Eyes."

List of 10s. Prizewinners in "Bullets" Competition No. 346 will be published in next week's "Competitors' Journal." Complete List of all Cash and other Prize-winners can be seen at the Offices of "John Bull."

Result of 346th "Bullets" Competition.

FIRST PRIZE OF £1,000:
Mr. GEORGE EVANS,
55, Longfield, Prestwich, Manchester.
Example:—When On Strike.
Bullet:—"Killing Time" Murders Prosperity.

SECOND PRIZE OF £100:
Mr. E. TOMPKIN,
199, Salisbury St., Bedford.
Example:—Ought To Be Shot.
Bullet:—Tommy Into Limpet's Job.

THIRD PRIZE OF £25:
Mr. JOHN J. TURTON,
14, Montem Rd., Forest Hill, London, S.E.
Example:—State Of UnRest.
Bullet:—Government Cannot "Remain In."

10 PRIZES OF £5 EACH:

Miss M. Henderson, 22, Waldegrave Rd., Norwood, S.E.:
At The Pictures—Burglary Hints Given Free.

Mr. S. D. Brimmell, Holmleigh, Launceston: In A Stew—Winston's Always "Landing Somewhere."

Cpl. R. Howell, 68, Casewick Rd., West Norwood, S.E.:
Direct Action—"Means" Nobody Must Employ.

Mr. H. Tucker, 45a, Leeming St., Mansfield: Dangerous Game—Believing Another War Impossible.

Mrs. M. E. Rankine, Titus House, Ainsworth Bolton:
Industrial War—The Wisest "Stand Out."

Mr. A. Flux, 5, Glace Cotts., W. Cowes, I.W.: Our Football Competition—"The Shot" Tommy Enjoys.

Mr. J. Marson, 147, New Bldgs., Stanton Hill, Mansfield:
Badly Off—Prohibition Would Leave Budget.

L/Cpl. A. Costella, 17, Barlby Rd., W.:
Without A Grumble—We Seldom "Get Through."

Mr. F. Daly, 39, Stone Rd., Longton, Staffs.:
Direct Action—Wasps Discovered Before Smillie.

Mrs. L. Blackmore, 79, Beverley Crescent, Bedford:
Everybody Needs—"Real Definition" Of Bolshevism.

10 PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:

Mr. G. Walton, 147, Clifton Pk., Belfast:
Sold Out—Of Premier's Box—"Pups."

Mr. F. S. Hanson, 42, Temple St., Burnley:
Man Who Knows—Mann's Celebrated Peace Yet.

Miss G. E. Webster, 31, New Park St., Morley, Leeds:
Tackling The Profiteer—Game Plentiful, Marksmanship Poor.

Mrs. M. Lemon, 47, St. John St., Hanley, Staffs:
What Everybody Says—Except Taxpayer—"Why Work?"

Mr. T. Muir, 14, Maple St., Blackpool:
Positive Nuisance—"Knows Everything"—Bar That.

Mr. W. L. Pritchard, "Tanlon," Bangor:
Losing His Job—As Universal Supplier—Britisher.

Mr. G. Cull, 74, Well St., Ryde, I.W.:
Positive Nuisance—Pessimist Is Getting Again.

JOHN BULL'S GREAT FREE FIRE INSURANCE

COVERING ALL RISKS BY FIRE TO HOME, LIFE, AND LIMB.

UNDER this most unique FREE INSURANCE OFFER anyone above the age of 10 can be insured irrespective of sex. **The premium charged by any Fire and Accident Insurance Company to secure similar benefits would certainly exceed 8s. per annum. We offer it to you absolutely free.**

We have made our insurance as simple and comprehensive as possible, and shall not bother about any "Legal representative" or "next of kin." Claims will be paid to the registered reader, who must personally sign the coupon, or to the person nominated thereon, and to no one else. **A separate coupon must be filled up in respect to each person to be insured.**

CONDITIONS.

This offer applies only to persons over 10 years and residing in, and property situated in, England, Scotland, and Wales.

Any number of persons in one family may be separately insured provided an order for JOHN BULL is placed and a registration form is forwarded in respect of each person.

Claims, which must be confined to one of the benefits, must be received by us within three days of the loss or damage, and in the case of death such death must occur within thirty days, and as a direct and sole result of the injury.

Payment will be made subject to any rights which the claimant may have or acquire against, or under, any other Insurance Scheme, Company, or otherwise, and the Proprietors of JOHN BULL shall not be liable until the registered reader has exhausted his or her rights under such insurance.

This offer applies only to the dwelling-house, apartments, or dwelling rooms attached to business premises, of the registered reader, but not to business premises or stock-in-trade.

We reserve to ourselves the right to limit our total payments under this scheme to £10,000, and to discontinue, or make any variation of this offer by the publication of notice in JOHN BULL.

The decision of the proprietors of JOHN BULL upon all questions shall be final.

In order to safeguard ourselves it is stipulated that a fire will not be recognised as such unless a call has been made upon the local Fire Brigade or appliance.

ORDER FORM

TO BE RETAINED BY NEWSAGENT.

To .....Newsagent.

.....

Please deliver JOHN BULL to me regularly until further notice

Signed .....

Address .....

October 4th, 1919.

You must also fill in the Registration Form, which will be found next to this, and post it to JOHN BULL Insurance Dept., 73, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

REGISTRATION FORM

Which must be posted to—
JOHN BULL INSURANCE DEPT., Long Acre, W.C.2.

This is to notify that I have this day placed an order for the regular weekly supply of JOHN BULL with

.....Newsagent, of

.....

and desire you to register me as a regular subscriber under the terms of your Insurance Scheme.

In the event of my being injured or killed, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this insurance, first myself, or in the event of my death:—

Name of Nominee .....

Address .....

Signature of Insured .....
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Address of home .....

Oct. 4th, 1919

.....

WHAT WE WILL PAY

For Damage to contents of Home by Fire up to ...	£200
In Case of Death directly due to Fire at Registered Reader's home	£200
For the Loss of Two Limbs or Both Eyes, or One Limb and One Eye ...	£200
For the Loss of One Limb or One Eye	£100
Medical Fees for Injuries not proving fatal but incapacitating the injured person from following his, or her, employment, up to ...	£10
In the event of a Temporary Total Disablement up to 13 weeks	£1 Per Week

To remain qualified for the benefits, readers must continue to have "John Bull" regularly supplied to them.

Enclose 1d. stamp if an acknowledgment of receipt of Registration Form is required.

£2,000 WON IN TWO WEEKS!

ANOTHER £1,000 WAITING TO BE WON THIS WEEK.

£1,000

FOR AN ALL-CORRECT FOOTBALL COUPON!

£500 FOR A COUPON WITH ONE ERROR ONLY.

£100 MUST BE WON IN ANY EVENT!

BIGGEST WEEKLY FOOTBALL PRIZES Offered by any one Paper.

Our £1,000 prize has already been won twice. This week we are again offering the sum of £1,000 to the sender of a coupon containing the correct results of all the matches given on the coupon below. Should nobody succeed in forecasting the results of all the matches given, £500 will be paid to the competitor sending a coupon with only one error. In the event of neither the £1,000 nor the £500 prizes being won, the sum of £100 will be paid to the competitor sending a coupon with the most correct results. This competition is open for one week, and coupons for it can only be taken from this week's issue.

IT MAY BE YOUR TURN TO WIN THE £1,000 THIS WEEK.

GREAT WEEKLY COMPETITION — NO ENTRANCE FEE!

ABANDONED MATCHES WILL MAKE NO DIFFERENCE.

THIS COMPETITION IS EXCLUSIVE TO "JOHN BULL" AND COUPONS DO NOT APPEAR IN ANY OTHER PAPER

ALL YOU HAVE TO DO is to forecast the results of the matches, given on the coupon on this page, which will be played on Saturday, October 11th. Note the following special method of marking your coupon:—

Home Team		Away Team	Home	Away	Draw
Bradford	v.	Newcastle United	X		
Chelsea	v.	Liverpool		X	
Everton	v.	Arsenal			X

Take the above examples—if you think Bradford, who are playing at home, will win, you must put a X in the "home" column; if you think that Liverpool, who are playing away, will win, you must put a X in the "away" column; if in the case of Everton *v.* Arsenal you predict a draw, put a X in the "draw" column.

This competition is quite free, no entrance fee of any kind being charged. Competitors can send as many coupons as they like. Scottish and Irish readers may compete. Abandoned matches will make no difference. A careful study of football form should be made before filling in Coupons. The "National News" gives the best and most accurate reports and forecasts every Sunday, which should prove of great assistance to intending competitors.

Read these Rules Carefully.

(1) All attempts must be made on coupons taken from the issue of JOHN BULL announcing this competition. Coupons must be written in ink (typewriting or pencil will not be allowed), and must be filled up in accordance with the instructions given on this page.

(2) The sum of £1,000 (One Thousand Pounds) will be sent to the competitor sending a coupon containing the correct results of all the matches played to a finish. If no competitor succeeds in giving all the correct results, £500 will be paid to the competitor sending a coupon with only one error. In the event of neither the £1,000 nor £500 prizes being won, the sum of £100 will be paid to the competitor sending a coupon with most correct results. Abandoned matches will make no difference, provided they do not exceed three in number.

(3) In the unlikely event of four or more of the matches not being played to a finish on the date given on the coupon, the £1,000 and £500 prizes will not be awarded, but the prize of £100 will be awarded to the competitor sending a coupon with most correct results.

(4) In the event of a tie or ties, the prize to be won will be divided between the successful competitors.

(5) No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for the loss or non-delivery of any coupon. Proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of delivery or receipt. No correspondence will be entered into nor will interviews be granted.

(6) Any coupon on which an alteration of any kind has been made will be disqualified.

(7) Our employees are debarred from entering this competition.

(8) Any coupons received later than October 9th will be disqualified.

(9) The Editor's decision must be accepted as final and legally binding in all matters concerning this competition, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Cut out coupon neatly and address all entries as follows:—"**Football Competition No. 5, JOHN BULL, 25, Floral Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2.**" Write "Football" in top left-hand corner of envelope. All coupons can be enclosed in one envelope, but this must not contain entries for other competitions.

SEND AS MANY COUPONS AS YOU LIKE.

FIRST READ THIS.

If you think the Home team will win, place a X in the column headed "Home"; if you think the "Away" team will win, place a X in the column headed "Away"; if you think the result will be a Draw, place a X in the column headed "Draw." Only *one* X must be entered for each Match. Coupons *must* be written in ink.

"JOHN BULL" FREE FOOTBALL COUPON.

Matches to be played Saturday, October 11th. Coupons must reach us not later than Thursday, October 9th.

Home Team		Away Team	Home	Away	Draw
Bradford	v.	Newcastle United			
Chelsea	v.	Liverpool			
Everton	v.	Arsenal			
Manchester City	v.	Manchester U.			
Preston N. E.	v.	Aston Villa			
Sheffield Wed.	v.	Blackburn Rovers			
Bury	v.	Wolverhampton W.			
Grimsby Town	v.	West Ham United			
Notts. Forest	v.	Hull City			
Stoke	v.	Stockport County			
Bristol Rovers	v.	Northampton			
Luton Town	v.	Brighton & Hove A			
Exeter	v.	Queen's Park R.			
Gillingham	v.	Millwall Athletic			
Merthyr	v.	Southend			
Swansea	v.	Swindon			
Dumbarton	v	Dundee			
St. Mirren	v.	Clyde			

Coupons must be cut—not torn out.

I enter "John Bull" Football Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions on this page and agree to accept the Editor's decision as final and legally binding, and enter on that understanding.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

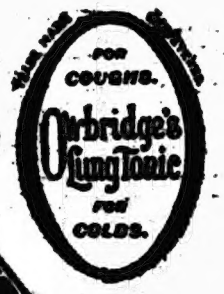
.....

5

OVER 4,000 "BULLETS" PRIZES MUST BE WON.

See opposite page.

FOR RESULT OF FOOTBALL COMPETITION NO. 2 SEE PAGE 16.



The British Remedy.

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Lung Tonic

for

COUGHS & COLDS

Ask for "Owbridge" and take no substitute.

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W. T. OWBRIDGE, Ltd.,
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